

The Listener

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The waterfront at Beirut, capital of Lebanon (see page 97)

J. Allan Cash

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In Pursuit of Peace (Rt. Hon. Sir Anthony Eden)
Albert Schweitzer: Tributes on his Eightieth Birthday
Morals without Religion—II (Margaret Knight)

Pioneering for Oil

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The Listener

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In Pursuit of Peace

By the Rt. Hon. SIR ANTHONY EDEN, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

PEACE is more important to every one of us than anything else in the world. We have only to think what war today would mean. That is why I have been in the habit of coming to tell you from time to time how we have been getting on in our work for peace.

Last summer at Geneva I took part in some tough and difficult negotiations. But as a result of them agreement was reached which brought the fighting in Indo-China to an end, after eight years of bitter conflict. For the first time for more than twenty years there is no war anywhere in the world. That is something to be thankful for. We have also settled quite a few other troubles, some of which have been worrying us for many years. Trieste, Egypt, Persia—these agreements have improved our relations with all the countries concerned. They are helping our economic position. They will add to our defensive strength by allowing us to redeploy our forces. As a result, we are able to bring some of our soldiers back to this country and so rebuild a strategic reserve.

The agreements with Persia and Egypt have also helped to improve the atmosphere throughout the whole Middle East. Turkey and Iraq have now announced their intention of making a treaty of mutual defence together. We all welcome this. It is, I understand, the hope of these two states that other countries will also join in later. This would certainly create increased stability and security throughout the Middle East. That is surely what we all want to see.

In Europe last August the French Assembly rejected the European Defence Community. This was a heavy blow, for it threatened to shatter the unity of western Europe which had been patiently built up over so many years. At that critical moment our country was able to play a leading part. We negotiated new proposals with our partners on which we hope Europe will unite. If it does, we shall at last command a basis firm enough to give a real prospect of successful negotiation with Soviet Russia. All this work is fully supported by our fellow members of the Commonwealth and by the United States, with whom I think it is fair to say that our relations have never been closer.

Meanwhile, we have been trying to make progress with a plan for disarmament which can come into effect as the other problems are solved. Further meetings about this are going to take place here in London next month among the nations principally concerned. We have also started work internationally on the uses of atomic energy for peaceful purposes. President Eisenhower's proposals have inspired this effort, and we should all be grateful to him.

So far so good. Some of these results would hardly have seemed possible a year ago. But we must have no illusions about the difficulties that lie ahead. The Soviet Government are doing everything in their power to prevent the London and Paris agreements from being ratified. They have threatened to denounce their treaties with France and with ourselves, and we must expect them to continue their efforts to divide the free countries of the west. They

will go on proclaiming that our plans are aggressive in character and a menace to peace. Of course they are not, and they know it. The new arrangements for the unity of the west which we worked out in London and signed in Paris in October have been approved by the whole of Nato, whose membership is enough to guarantee their defensive purpose. The truth is that it was Soviet policies in the post-war years which brought Nato into being.

The west disarmed after the war. We set the practical example. If only the Russians had followed suit, how different the story could have been. But Russia increased her armed strength and kept on saying 'no'. Evidently the Soviet Government regarded the military weakness of the west just as something to be exploited. Before any system of western defence was as much as a plan on paper they had built up great military power in the satellite countries far beyond the terms of the peace treaties. In eastern Germany the Russians have long since created a German army and a German air force.

Lesson of this Century

These are facts that cannot be denied or brushed aside. Surely the lesson of this century is that wars break out when there is a great inequality of military strength. Here I am speaking also from my experience as Foreign Secretary in the nineteen-thirties. If we could have had then an effective system of collective defence such as we are creating today, I believe we might have been spared the agony of the last world war. It is the repetition of this danger which we have been trying to guard against in building up the defensive power of Nato. That is what I mean by peace through strength.

Once the Paris agreements are ratified by all the countries concerned, as we hope they may be in the next two or three months, then I believe that opportunities will present themselves for negotiation with Soviet Russia. We certainly intend to work for this; and to try to bring about a useful meeting.

What is the problem of Europe? It is the problem of Germany and Austria. The German issue lies at the heart of Europe. We have always held that Germany should be united. But Germany can be unified only through the unity of the west because it is only when western unity is assured that discussions can usefully be held with Soviet Russia. We have learnt that the hard way. Therefore our policy cannot change. As I said in the House of Commons last October: 'If we can bring about stability and a common purpose in the west, we shall have established the essential basis on which we can seek an understanding with the east'. This is still our aim, which we will steadfastly pursue.

Western European Union

The proposals we worked out last autumn in London included a project for a Western European Union. This is something much more than a military alliance, though it has a military aspect; for instance, today the member nations are meeting in Paris to consider the standardising and pooling of the manufacture of arms. We shall do our best to contribute ideas that can be helpful. Western European Union has also the greatest political importance, for within it France and Germany will at last be able to work constructively together. How much that could mean for the peace of the world! Our country will be a full member and determined to carry out its responsibilities as such.

So far I have talked to you about Europe. But I have also, as you know, been much occupied with the Far East. These two subjects will no doubt be discussed at the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers which is to meet in London at the end of this month. We all greatly look forward to this event, which, I am sure, will be of value to us all in our dealings with the rest of the world. Until recently there was this difference between the Far East and Europe, that in the Far East fighting was actually going on. The Korean war was brought to an end in 1953 and

we put a stop to the fighting in Indo-China at our meeting in Geneva. We shall, of course, uphold the agreements reached in Geneva, and we look to all the other signatories to do the same. If they are upheld, there is no reason why they should not contribute to a lasting settlement in that part of the world.

What we are chiefly trying to do in the Far East is to reduce the risks of further fighting. That can be done provided everybody, including China, is prepared to work for it and to act with caution, especially in the danger areas which are perfectly well known. In the Far East, as in Europe, arrangements for collective defence can promote stability and improve the prospects for peace. That is true of Nato in Europe. It is also true of the treaty signed at Manila last year. Both are purely defensive. They threaten no one.

Next month, I expect to go to Bangkok, where we plan to hold our first meeting of the nations which signed the Manila treaty. We shall discuss various methods of helping each other, and these will not be only military. For in that part of the world economic, political and social problems are just as important. Those countries want to lead their own lives and shape their own future just as we all do. They want to raise their standards of living like everyone else. We want to help them as much as we can to develop their independent ways of life and improve their conditions. Useful work has already been done in the economic field by the Colombo Plan and other such measures. These forms of partnership are particularly valuable in areas where nationalism is strong. In helping these countries we must have the understanding of their many special problems and their highly individual points of view. The true conflict in south-east Asia is not only for men's bodies but also for men's minds. I might call this the problem of the east today. I hope that at our Bangkok conference we shall be able to work out intelligent methods to help resolve these difficulties.

Dangers in Asia

It is in this context that I have to consider my long journey across Europe and Asia. I believe that this is the first time that a Foreign Secretary of this country has ever attempted anything of the kind. But nowadays it is essential, whenever one can, to have contacts with leading statesmen in their own lands, to try to see world problems through their eyes. Nowhere in the world today is the political position so complicated, and indeed dangerous as in Asia. There are so many different angles of vision. I know perfectly well that it will be of the greatest help to me personally to see how these many questions are viewed from different capitals. This must be of value to the working partnership which we are trying to build up all the time. At every stage of my journey—and I shall be stopping at a great many places—I shall have in mind the special responsibility of our country as a leading member of the Commonwealth and as a power with long experience of international problems.

I hope, therefore, to do two things on this journey. The first is to help forward the unity of the free nations. The second is to learn the problem at first hand, and so be better placed to carry forward our work of easing tension in those areas which are still dangerous to peace. In that effort I am sure that I shall have the goodwill of each one of you.—*Home and Overseas Services*

'The Listener' Index

The Index to Volume LII (July to December, 1954) may be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publication Offices,
35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1

Lebanon: 'Sounding Board' of the Middle East

By BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT

NOT long ago I found myself in Beirut. A visit to the Lebanon was not on my schedule, but, as I always find when I happen to be there, the trip was well worth while. What is more, I know that others feel as I do on this. Lately I was talking to a friend whose job it is to keep his masters in London informed on what is going on throughout the Middle East, and he said: 'I always start my tours by spending a day or two in Beirut. After I've been round the Middle East I try to get a few days there on the way home. Beirut is the best place in the whole of the Middle East for sorting out and testing the ideas I have formed during my trip'.

I entirely agreed with my friend. But the moment he said it I began to wonder why. Lebanon has not the strategic importance of, say, Suez; it has not the economic and military interest of Iraq or Iran; it does not 'hold the key' to any particular problem . . . not exactly. . . . And yet—people who have to do with international affairs, commercial or diplomatic, keep on going there. Since this conversation, I have been thinking over Lebanon and I would like to try to explain what is, at any rate to me, the odd significance of the country. Since I have no special starting point, I might as well begin with the scenery.

There is no doubt it is an irresistibly attractive country. Beirut itself is a town which, having in the past established a happy compromise between an Arab atmosphere and French culture of the last century, is now faced with accommodating itself to the American way of life, including large apartment buildings filled with refrigerators and washing machines. It has a lovely coastline with exciting though occasionally dangerous bathing, and when you have time to turn away from Beirut itself and its magnificent modern hotels almost side by side with its oriental souks, you will observe that behind the town the land rises

steeply through vineyards and olive groves and apricot and cherry orchards to the 10,000 feet of Mount Lebanon. There are not a great many cedars left, but those that time and the goat have spared are some of the most magnificent trees I have ever seen, and the winter snows provide superb skiing for those who want to get away from the heat and dust of Middle Eastern deserts. And if you like ruins there are the



Place des Martyres, Beirut



Ski slopes among the cedars of Lebanon

enormous Roman temples of Baalbek, and the innumerable Crusader castles, even if the one which Lawrence of Arabia thought was the finest of all—Karak des Chevaliers—is just over the border in Syria. There is certainly plenty for the tourist to do.

The tourist approach to my problem about Lebanon is not, perhaps, so irrelevant as it might appear, because any tourist will be taken to see three places which symbolise Lebanon's importance in the past at any rate. One, is the gorge of the Dog river not far from Beirut. Here, on a rock just above the river, are carved the names of the soldiers who have passed through the defile. They range from Egyptians of the Eighteenth Dynasty and the Babylonians of Nebuchadnezzar the King, to the Romans and the Crusaders, up to the Frenchmen Napoleon III took to the Orient and Allenby's troops in the first world war, not to mention the Australians and British who got there in the last war. The Lebanon may not have great strategic importance. But it is certainly a cross-roads which few peoples have managed to avoid. Then there are the island fortresses of Tyre and Sidon. Sidon is important today because it is the end of the oil pipe-line from Saudi Arabia—there is another pipe-line running through the Lebanon from Iraq to Tripoli—but it was from Tyre and Sidon that in the dawn of history the Phoenicians set out to distant lands, to Carthage, and Tarshish, and the tin islands of Britain, and taught the Mediterranean world the mysteries of commerce.

And it is partly because of commerce that Lebanon has for centuries been mixed up with the west. At any rate ever since the Crusades, she has been bound to France by close ties of culture and sentiment. In the days when spheres of interest were in fashion, the Lebanon and Syria always fell into the portion of France, and France held the League of Nations mandate for them between the wars. In fact, many Frenchmen bear us a grudge for what we did to help these two states to get their independence in 1945. Once Lebanon became free it joined the Arab League. For a while it had a close economic partnership with Syria, but in 1950 this was broken up and the Lebanon became a little self-contained economic unit of its own. It is only a tiny

place—smaller than Devon and Cornwall—with a population not much more than that of Birmingham. But it has a seaboard of about 150 miles along the east Mediterranean between Israel and Syria and any coastline in the eastern Mediterranean is bound to have some strategic importance. All the same, there is nothing about its immediate political past to make it particularly significant.

What about the people? There is something odd about them—because, though Lebanon is a member of the Arab League, it is far from being a Moslem state: over half the population is Christian. Most of them belong to the Maronite sect which owes allegiance to Rome and has its own liturgy written in the otherwise almost obsolete language called Syriac. The other Christians, too, belong to somewhat exotic confessions, like the Armenian or the Chaldean. Then again, the Moslems are divided; about half belong to the Sunni sect and half to the Shiah, and there are about 80,000 Druses who live in the mountains and follow a secret religion akin to Islam, only they believe in the transmigration of souls. This religious diversity has several curious consequences. For instance, it is a convention of the constitution that the President of the Lebanon should be a Christian but the Prime Minister should be a Sunni Moslem and the Speaker a Shiah.

Side by side with this religious diversity there is a bewildering diversity of race and language. There are the races which have been established in the Lebanon for centuries: the Greeks, the Turks, the Arabs, and the Kurds from the mountains of Persia and Iraq, for instance. But there are also the refugees of several of our more recent wars—the Armenians and Assyrians from the first world war, for example, and the Palestinian Arabs from the war with Israel seven years ago, all trying desperately hard to create a new life for themselves in a strange environment. Many have found the struggle too great, and the result has been a flood of Lebanese emigrants to the New World and particularly South America; and the money they send back to Beirut has become an important item in the Lebanese balance of payments. All the same the mixture of race and creed they have left in the Lebanon is remarkable. It certainly seethes with human problems of the most complicated and even bizarre description.

I must get back to my question: why do so many people go to Lebanon today? The Phoenicians who set out from Tyre and Sidon to teach the world the mysteries of commerce have their modern counterparts in the merchants of Beirut, and one reason why people go there today is that these merchants have made Lebanon perhaps the most important financial and commercial centre in the Middle East.

Many people, and certainly most bankers and officials in western Europe, seem to regard Beirut as one of the foremost black markets in the world, as the birthplace of almost any kind of financial racket. I have always thought that was grossly unfair. It is true, I believe, that you can buy most things in Beirut from a passport to phoney papers, but in the Middle East Beirut has no monopoly in this kind of thing. The fact is that in a world of currency and trade restrictions Beirut is one of the few really free markets which still exist, in which the value of commodities, including foreign currencies, is fixed by the free play of supply and demand and not by the inhibitions of a set of officials. Like their Tyrian forebears, the Lebanese have nimble minds and are exceedingly good at this sort of thing. The result is that since the end of the war they have done exceptionally well out of the chaotic conditions of world trade, and have made a great deal of money. Everyone now seems to own an enormous shiny American car, and as Beirut is built on a series of hills and the narrow Turkish streets follow the contours, you can imagine how difficult it is to get about.

All this is very pleasant for the Lebanese merchant, but above all it does make Beirut an almost ideal 'sounding board' for what is going on in finance and commerce not only in the Middle East but elsewhere as well. A magnificent new airfield has just been finished outside Beirut and as a result of this and its geographical situation Beirut is competing hotly with Cairo for becoming the main staging post on the air route between the west and the east. This has made Lebanon's 'sounding board' capacity even more efficient.

Perhaps this is the real secret of Lebanon's significance, and you can see why it was not easy to define. One does not immediately recognise a sounding board quality in the same way that one recognises strategic or political importance. Yet it is an important quality for a country to possess. There is no doubt, for instance, that this aspect of Lebanon is recognised by our own diplomats. Beirut is now the seat of the British Middle East office, the organisation set up during the war to co-ordinate British action, both diplomatic and economic, throughout the area. It is also the home of the official British school for Arab studies. Indeed, Beirut is one of the foremost educational centres in the Arab world, for it is also the home of the famous American University

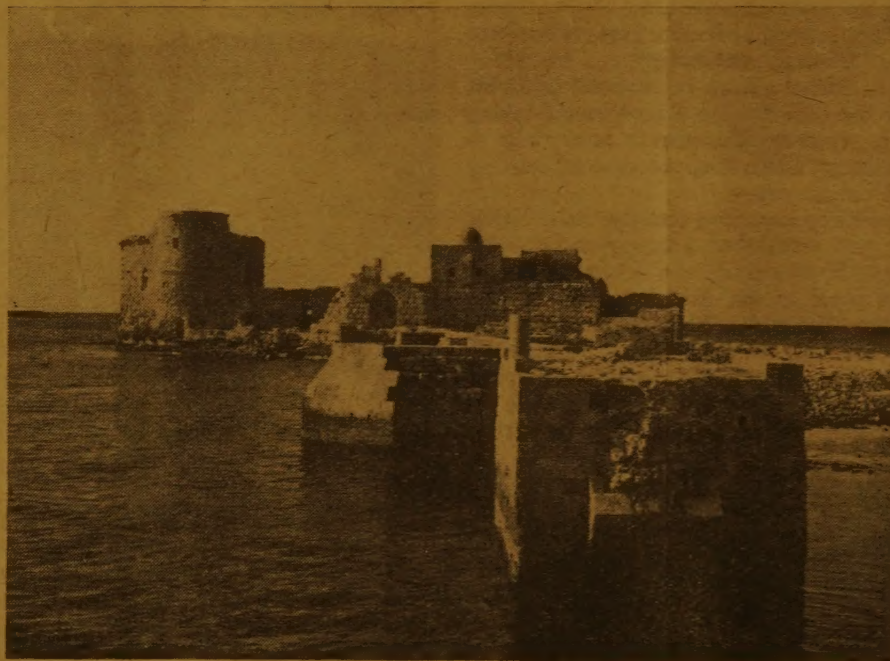
founded so long ago as 1866. There is a French University there, too. Each year both of them send out, to all parts of the Middle East, a throng of young Arabs trained for the professions by some of the best brains of the west, and they carry with them, no doubt, some of the western attitudes they may have picked up from their teachers.

If I had to sum up what I have said, I suppose it would amount to no more than that people go to Beirut because they want a good education or because they want to form a clear view of Middle East politics, or because they want to test the market, or even because they want to admire the scenery or are interested in archaeology. But, although true, all that would add up to something rather less than the whole truth. There is

however, a good reason, apart from these and of a different kind, why I myself think that people should go there. The real problem of the Middle East today is how to find a satisfactory compromise or synthesis or meeting point between Islam and the western way of life. It is the absence of any such bridge which is at the bottom of the irreconcilable hatred the Arabs bear towards the Israelis, and that has given birth to the Muslim Brotherhood which rejects the western way of life *in toto*.

I do not suggest that the Lebanon has yet reached any understanding with Israel, for she is a loyal member of the Arab League. But she has, I think, discovered a means whereby even the most fanatical Moslem can live and work reasonably happily side by side with peoples of many other religions and races; and that, in my opinion, is an achievement of the highest importance. If the Lebanon can establish and maintain a real bridge between Islam and the west, perhaps the other states of the Middle East can do so too. And, if so, we need not be certain that in the Middle East fanaticism will in the end get the better of common sense.—*Home Service*

Among recent publications are: *The Inter-War Years and Other Papers*, a selection from the writings of Sir Hubert Henderson, edited by Henry Clay (Oxford, 42s.); *Physics of the Planet Mars: an Introduction to Aerophysics*, by Gérard de Vaucouleurs (Faber, 50s.); *Excavations at Star Carr, an Early Mesolithic Site at Seamer near Scarborough, Yorkshire*, by J. G. D. Clark (Cambridge, 63s.); *Robert Estienne, Royal Printer*, by Elizabeth Armstrong (Cambridge, 55s.); *Aspects of Deep Sea Biology*, by N. B. Marshall (Hutchinson's Scientific and Technical Publications, 35s.); *The Sanskrit Language*, by T. Burrow (Faber, 55s.); *Social Security in the British Commonwealth*, by Ronald Mendelsohn (Athlone Press, 35s.); and *Welsh and Scottish Nationalism—a Study*, by Sir Reginald Coupland, with a foreword by Professor Jack Simmons (Collins, 25s.).



Ruin of a crusaders' castle in the harbour of Saida, the ancient Sidon

How Can the Cold War End?

By WILLIAM PICKLES

THE agreement published last week between the United States and Chiang Kai-shek completes a process that has been going on now for several years. As has been done in so many other places, it draws a line between the communist world and the free world, and warns the communists of the dangers of an attempt to cross it by force. At the same time, the agreement contributes to another process in which the west has also taken the initiative and which also has been going on for some time. It reduces tension between the two halves of the world by letting Communist China know that, so far as the free world can do anything about it, there will be no accidental war over Formosa. We are not going to make, over Formosa, the kind of mistake the communists made, when they nearly plunged the world into a third world war over Korea.

Learning the Way

In other words, like the Korean and Indo-China armistices and the Paris treaties and so much else that has happened lately, the Eisenhower-Chiang Kai-shek agreement, by getting rid of another uncertainty, both reduces tensions and hardens attitudes. In both those ways, too, it helps to prepare for the frank discussion between communists and the rest which must come fairly soon now. Whether it will come as early as May of this year, as M. Mendès-France has proposed, and whether, if it does, it will take the form of a mutual probing of minds on the very highest level, as Sir Winston Churchill suggested nearly two years ago, nobody can tell. But it can scarcely fail to come in some way, and the chief danger, on the western side, is that public opinion will expect too much from it—that it will expect, in fact, not just a further easing of tension, which may well happen, but a kind of solemn agreement to end the cold war, which is impossible.

The easiest way to see just how impossible this is is to look back at what the cold war has been. If we do that, the first thing that strikes us is that it never had a clear beginning. On September 3, 1939, we all knew, with no shadow of doubt, that the second world war had begun. On June 26, 1950, we knew that a war had begun in Korea. But there was no morning when any of us opened our newspapers and read, 'The cold war has begun'. It is possible to look back now and ask oneself what date or what event marked the beginning, but the answer can only be a personal one, and whatever date you choose it is certain that you did not know then that a new kind of offensive had begun.

Let us consider what the cold war was. Russia turned what were to have been friendly neighbouring states into satellite states. When one of them—Yugoslavia—broke away from her tutelage, she threatened war. She arrested half the Polish Government and staged a *coup d'état* in Czechoslovakia. She blockaded Berlin, shot down allied aeroplanes on the thinnest of excuses or none, helped to foment strikes and civil disorder in France and Italy, and encouraged colonial rebellions in Malaya, Indo-China, and North Africa. She ran a long series of wandering so-called peace campaigns, alternating with boasts of her own armed strength and half-threats of what she could do to the rest of us. She turned the United Nations into a propaganda platform and used her veto in the Security Council on literally scores of occasions of a type for which it was never intended.

What made the cold war was not any one of those things, but the total of them, the persistent never-endingness of them, the certainty every day that next day or next week or next month something between minor irritation and a major international crime would be started up somewhere. It was the growing evidence that the immediate purpose was to nibble at every weak spot on the frontiers of the free world, to sabotage the real peace organisations like the United Nations, and to destroy, if possible, the internal unity of every free country. It follows from all that, from the nature of the cold war itself, that, just as we did not know it was on until it had been on a long time, so we shall not know it is off, if it ever is, until it has been off for a long time.

Indeed, I wonder if I am not being over-optimistic in putting it even

in that way. If we have a 'high level' conference, as they call it, and it goes well; if we get a friendly gesture or so, such as signing the Austrian Treaty; if after that we go through a period of years without any *coups d'état* and blockades or propaganda campaigns or unnecessary vetoes, we shall still not be able to be sure that the cold war is not merely in cold storage, because of the nature of the Russian political system. If one of the democracies changes its policy, Russia can always see the change coming, because it is preceded by discussion in Congress or Parliament, by long arguments in press and radio, speculation by parliamentary and diplomatic correspondents, government defeats or general elections. She can look in on everything that happens here through the open windows of the volumes of statistics that pour out week by week, and she can watch the rise and fall of our armed strength through published figures that any averagely competent observer can check for himself.

We have none of these advantages. We are never sure just who takes the decisions in Russia and China and we have no means of watching their rulers' minds being changed. The one thing we do know is what Stalin discovered when he did his deal with Hitler—that it is safer to keep your powder dry than to trust the mere word of a dictator, because he can change his mind too easily. And even if he does not change his mind, there is the further risk that he himself may be changed. Whichever Russian leader our statesmen deal with, however sincerely friendly they may come to believe him to be, however thoroughly he proves his sincerity by deeds, he may, for all we know, be swept out of power overnight, as Beria was. I say 'may' be swept out of power, but in fact, something like that is more than probable. Some people think that a fight for power is well under way now between Malenkov and Khrushchev and will end soon in the liquidation of one of them. I do not know about that, but I do know that, throughout history, all attempts at collective dictatorship, of the kind the Russians are now trying, have always ended in conflict. That kind of conflict in Russia, followed by a change of leadership, could mean the end overnight of any agreement that might have been painfully negotiated to ease or end the cold war.

These are unpleasant facts, but if they are facts, as I believe them to be, we have nothing to gain from not facing them. They mean that a formal pact of friendship, or a formal promise to end the cold war, if we get one or the other of them, will have almost no value at first, even if it is accompanied by some gesture of goodwill. It will begin to acquire some value only as time goes on, and will become really trustworthy only if Russia becomes less of a dictatorship and if there is a reduction in her present overwhelming superiority in all forms of armaments except, perhaps, atomic weapons.

Growth of new Great Powers

In other words, we are going to need, at best, a great deal of patience, and the chances are that the cold war will not die, but merely fade away. By that I mean that the situation that gave rise to the cold war will have changed long before we can feel reasonably sure that the cold war itself has been ended by agreement. The cold war has been the most typical product of a period in which the world was dominated by two colossal powers, of which one represented the myth of Communism and the other the myth of Capitalism. It has been a fascinating but uncomfortable period to live in, and it is disappearing before our eyes as new Great Powers grow up and make the two giants look a good deal smaller. It is more than probable that in, say, ten years, we shall find ourselves in a world in which power is shared by Germany, Japan, India, China, Canada, Brazil perhaps, and the British Commonwealth if we are sensible, as well as by Russia and the United States. If that happens it will be a very different world from the one that produced the cold war, and the emergence of that new world seems, to me at any rate, to be a much more likely way for the cold war to end than through any number of high-level conferences. Whether that kind of world will be any more comfortable to live in is a different question.—*Home Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Historic Wine

CERTAIN gifts of nature—barley, for example, or the herring—have occupied a central place in the political and social history of modern Europe. Another is the port wine grape, which can be grown satisfactorily only on a limited area on the banks of the river Douro. During the past 300 years it has been the foundation of the close and happy relations between Britain and Portugal and has been the *raison-d'être* of a unique Anglo-Saxon community in a foreign land—the British colony in Oporto. It is gratifying to learn from a recent broadcast by Mr. Gordon Glover (from which an extract is published on the page opposite) that this community still flourishes almost unchanged in spite of the last war and the social and economic revolutions of our time. The port wine shippers still gather for lunch in their eighteenth-century factory house, labour in an agreeable way in their lodges, visit their *quintas* to inspect the vineyards or engage in a week-end's shooting, find relaxation in their red-soiled tennis courts or cricket ground, and entertain each other in their gardens or terraces as the Atlantic sea-winds cool the summer evenings. It is a gracious and hospitable community broad-based upon a flourishing trade. For since in the eighteenth century Englishmen acquired a taste for port wine ('I like a glass of port, but I much prefer a bottle', it was commonly said), exchange of goods has usually been active: Portuguese sardines and cork are also valued exports. Miss Rose Macaulay, in her excellent book *They Went to Portugal*, quotes appositely from Captain Marryat's *Peter Simple* (1834):

The Portuguese and the English have always been the best of friends because we can't get no Port Wine anywhere else.

And yet it is remarkable that no entirely satisfactory history of port wine has yet been written. The first significant commercial treaties between England and Portugal were concluded in the middle of the seventeenth century. At that time it seems that wine was exported not from Oporto but from the seaside place not far from the Spanish frontier named Viana do Castelo and that the wine was the rough and emetic *vinho verde*. Nor even at the time when the famous Methuen treaty of 1703 was signed does port as we know it now appear to have been drunk in England. The first British colony outside Lisbon was at Viana and not at Oporto, though by the middle of the eighteenth century most of the wine shippers had established themselves at Oporto and the trade had become virtually a British monopoly. The impetus had been given to the export of Portuguese wines to Britain by the clause in the Methuen treaty that conferred upon them a customs payment of only half the amount imposed upon French wines. Nevertheless, it was the fact that the rich, fortified wine appealed to British palates that made the fortunes of the shippers.

Of course the history of Oporto and port wine has had its vicissitudes. Allegations have been uttered periodically of the adulteration of the product, while the Portuguese have naturally looked upon the wealthy British shippers with somewhat envious eyes. Behind the air of high romance, as once in the India of the Maharajas and the chota peg, there are always hard political and economic realities. But no one who delights in well-established traditions can fail to admire the bright romantic hues of this strange bit of England in a foreign climate. And just as (to quote Miss Macaulay) 'all the processes of wine-making have a kind of festive bacchic beauty', so the social and business life of the members of these old-established British families in Portugal is instinct with decorum and lavishness lending an eighteenth-century elegance and charm to the bustle of the modern world.

What They Are Saying

Russia and the Paris agreements

AT THE END OF LAST week the Soviet Government made two moves which were widely interpreted by western commentators as designed to prevent ratification of the Paris agreements. On January 13 it sent a Note to Britain, France, and the five other signatories of the Geneva Protocol of 1925, declaring that clauses in the Paris agreements were incompatible with the protocol because they provide for the production and stockpiling of bacteriological and chemical weapons. Then, two days later, Moscow radio reported a declaration by the Soviet Foreign Ministry stating that Federal Germany must choose between the reunification of Germany and joining Nato, since ratification of the Paris agreements would perpetuate the division of Germany. Four-power talks would become impossible after ratification. If, on the other hand, there was no ratification, the Soviet Union was ready to establish normal relations with west Germany and to agree to the holding of free elections throughout Germany under international supervision.

An official Federal German statement broadcast from west Germany the following day described the Soviet declaration as just another attempt to prevent the unity of the free western world. It went on to stress that only after the unity of the free nations has been achieved can there be any hope of successful negotiations with the Soviet Union. As for the promise of free elections, the west German statement recalled that it was the Soviet Union who rejected, at the Berlin conference last year, every step leading to the peaceful reunification of Germany. Official spokesmen in the United States predicted that the latest Soviet move would have no more success than previous moves to prevent ratification of the Paris agreements.

On the same evening that Moscow published its declaration on Germany, M. Mendès-France broadcast to the French people. He stated that his talks with Italian and west German leaders had shown an encouraging concord of views that positive action should be taken to preserve peace and reduce tension between east and west. The whole of Europe, he said, was waiting for a reconciliation between east and west, which the east should no longer delay if they, like the west, were ready for it in good faith.

Meanwhile, prior to the seven-nation talks on M. Mendès-France's proposal for a west European arms pool, which opened in Paris on January 17, western commentators were somewhat reticent about the pros and cons of the plan. According to the east German radio *Neues Deutschland* headlined its article on the talks between M. Mendès-France and Dr. Adenauer: 'Merchants of Death at Work'. It alleged that an open fight had broken out among the armaments trusts in west Germany, France and other Paris Treaty countries for the biggest share in the profits from west German rearmament. Moscow radio alleged that the opposition to the plan by the United States Government and by west German industrialists, who have no desire to share profits with French arms manufacturers, was another example of the wide divergences among the Western Powers. Moscow broadcast to France stated that the plan was

a new manoeuvre to deceive public opinion and get the Paris treaty voted by the Council of the Republic. The establishment of an arms pool would in no way protect France from unlimited rearmament by west Germany. Certain French monopolies regard this pool as a means to enrich themselves by supplying arms to the German militarists, the traditional foes of France.

Simultaneously with the latest Soviet moves to prevent ratification of the Paris agreements, Moscow radio announced on January 14 that the Soviet Union was ready to share with the rest of the world the knowledge it had gained in operating an atomic power station since last July, and that Academician Skobel'syn had been appointed to attend the international conference on atomic energy later this year. Coupled with the publicity given to Soviet atomic energy projects, Moscow radio continued its exhortations to Soviet youth to take part in another project—the development of the virgin land areas in Siberia and other remote parts of the Soviet Union. Addressing 'volunteers' in the Bolshoi Theatre, Malenkov, according to Moscow radio, urged them to settle down in these remote areas, and marry. If 100,000,000 were added to the population of the U.S.S.R., he said, 'even this would not be enough'. Every good family should have at least three children.

Did You Hear That?

EATING THE WEATHER UNDERGROUND

EVERY NIGHT when there is a threat of frost, and when most of us are in bed', said LEONARD PARKIN in 'Radio Newsreel', 'seventeen London Transport ghost-trains pull out from strategic points over the underground system and go into action to beat the weather. As they go, these special electric locomotives spray the electric conductor rail with anti-freeze liquid. They can each cover about forty miles of open track in a night, and last year 2,000 gallons of the liquid were put down on the rails. Track-spraying is not the only job of these passenger-less specials. They are fitted with rollers to crush any ice ready on the rails, and wire brushes which scour off sleet and frost.

Fitted into conductor rails at 900 points on open sections of the line are what are called de-icing baths. These baths contain more anti-freeze liquid which is read by the passenger trains themselves as they run on their normal trips; in this way, short circuits on the line are prevented. The "baths" operate about one day in three and they use up about 9,000 gallons of anti-freeze liquid during the winter. They are switched to action as soon as the London Transport underground control centre get a frost risk warning over a direct telephone line from the Meteorological Office at Dunstable. If the frost warning comes too late for the "baths" to be opened, out come the ghost-trains, or "sleet locos.", as they are called. Their crews are standing by all night and can be rushed out to clear lines far from the heart of London. The use of "sleet locos." has finished the tedious job of scraping the frost from rails by hand and applying de-icing liquid with a bucket and brush.

'There is now another underground precaution to beat the freeze-up. More than 550 pairs of railway points have been fitted with a central heating device: electric heaters beneath railside oil reservoirs switch themselves on automatically whenever the temperature falls to thirty-five degrees. Heated oil then flows into the points, and the temperature of the rail is raised by twenty degrees.

'Other work in this underground cold-weather defensive action includes coating electrical and mechanical contacts with oil, putting anti-freeze liquid into the compressed-air pipes which work the signals, and checking fog repeater signals on the lines'.

PORT WINE AND ENGLISHMEN

About five o'clock of the afternoon in the hot, sunny city of Oporto there is the tinkle of English tea-time behind the jalousies; and the writ that runs is the writ of the silver cream-jug, the delicate air of Minton, Wedgwood, and Rockingham', said GORDON GLOVER in a talk in the Home Service. 'A little later, when the summer evening has cooled in the sea-breeze that blows over the sandy bar where the Douro River—the "river of gold"—meets the ocean, the tennis balls will begin to flip the red dust from the hard courts, and on the cricket ground they will be practising in the nets. Those, that is, who are not going to the Such-and-So's cocktail party, or that of the Such-and-Such's in their gracious garden shaded with aloe, eucalyptus, and pepper-trees. The garden overlooks the "Lodge" or store house of a shipping firm where the casked wine lies, hundreds and hundreds of "pipes of port", thousands and thousands of gallons—there the port wine lies, ripening for the dinner-tables of England. The "Lodge" belonging to the firm

whom the Such-and-Such's represent is only one of many. On the tiled roof-tops, along the stucco walls that close in these fabulous caverns are the big-lettered names of families which have made port famous the world over. The jumble of ancient wine-lodges that crowds the waterfront of the wide Douro river reads like the end of a wine-list, huge and flamboyant in the sunshine. And the lighters that cling to the sides of the little white cargo-vessel in mid-anchorage are deep to their gunwhales with wine.

'As Bordeaux upon the grey-green Gironde is to France, so is the city of Oporto to Portugal. With this difference—Bordeaux is French as an *escargot*, while the stomach of Oporto is heavily fortified with eggs and bacon. The Englishness of the English who, for nearly 250 years, have made Oporto their home, burns brighter than that of the bourgeoisie of Bournemouth. It is something unique in Europe, and it is founded on port.

'The Factory House, or club of the British Association of Port Shippers, is built upon a site declared in gift as "English soil" for ever. Stately, polished, traditional are the more-English-than-the-English functions held in this gracious building.

'When I was in the high Douro the whistles were blowing in the terraces as the women clipped the purple bunches, and the men carried upon their backs the deep baskets of grapes to the *lagares*—120 pounds of weight to be tipped in with the others, and "cut" by the wine-stained, rhythmical legs, then trodden free in a purple swirl to the music of pipe, and drum, and fiddle. Only the human foot—and spotless-clean-scrubbed are the feet and legs of these men—can press the grape without breaking the pip. And

as shift succeeded shift, and the sun went down, and the lights came up in the *lagare*, the girls who had walked with their men from their far village for the crown of their year—the three weeks of the vintage—came to the *lagare* and danced together, while the men trod, and the music played, and the fierce nips of grape-spirit were issued, and the new-born wine poured in torrents from the *lagare* troughs to the casks below where it met the clear brandy and began to be port.

'For six months it would lie quietening in its casks in the high Douro. Then, by train, or by road—or still, sometimes, by *barca*—down the "river of gold" itself to the great lodge in Oporto where it will sleep and ripen and grow for years to come, before, as tawny or vintage port, it leaves the cool corridors of the lodge for the white ship in the Douro, and the old grey sea, and London River, and the hand that lifts it, gobleted, to the light'.

A CONCENTRATING CHAIR

'I met Bert at a spiritualist seance in a North of England town', said YORKE CROMPTON in 'The Northcountryman'. 'He was elderly and slightly stooping, and he had the narrowest face I have ever seen. He was dressed in his Sunday clothes, but they hung upon him with an air of protest, as though they were conscious of neglect because their wearer's mind was on higher things than they. I learnt afterwards that his mates nicknamed him "Gandhi" after the Mahatma whose name was on everybody's lips just then. It was a truthful label.

'During the proceedings his attention seemed to fix itself on me, as mine had done on him, and later we had a talk. It appeared that he worked on the railway, high up in the cabin of a crane. In this



Interior of a Portuguese wine lodge

private Himalaya above mundane affairs he spent intervals in meditation, convinced that he was connecting himself with Tibet by means of what he called an "astral toob"—that is a kind of telephone system composed of etheric matter. He was achieving this by Yoga breathing.

'Bert had unusual powers. He gave me many proofs of these. For instance, he could make a diagnosis of simple ailments by feeling in his own body the symptoms of the patient; and he exercised this gift on all occasions, appropriate and otherwise. His ideas were subtle, but his approach to people was not—he had a kind of gentle bluntness and a persistence that wore down opposition.

'Sitting in a tram one day, he leant forward and said to a lady he had never seen before, "Excuse me, but 'ave you got a pain in the neck?" "Certainly not", she replied with indignation. "Well," Bert went on unperturbed, "your 'usband—as 'e got a pain in 'is neck?" "As a matter of fact, he has", the lady admitted. "It's sheer torture". "I thought as much", Bert responded; "I felt it in me own neck when I looked at you". He then prescribed to the astonished woman an unpretentious remedy for the condition.

'His one drawback, unusual in the psychic world, was that he had little imagination. In consequence, everything he did had an air of unnecessary labour. For instance, it was not enough for him to meditate; he must build a special "concentrating chair". Acquiring from a friend who was an undertaker a large amount of coffin wood, he constructed a seat so massive that the combined efforts of his wife and daughter were too slight to move it when they cleaned the kitchen. To ensure perfect relaxation, it had foot rests for his feet, hand rests for his hands, elbow rests for his elbows, and a head rest for his head. Moreover, this apparatus had a hood, which he pulled down over his face to exclude the light. And, on the theory that the spine has a "psychic centre" at the base, he installed a small electric bulb at the bottom of the back-rest to warm up his centre during "concentration".

'When I had not seen him for a little while, I asked him if his "concentrating chair" had given him results. "Not just at present it 'asn't", he responded blandly, "except that t'other day, when I was sitting on t' bulb, I smelt summat burning. Me trousers were on fire, and I 'ad to jump across kitchen quick and sit in t' sink".

'THE LORDLIEST PLACE IN ENGLAND'

'The Vale of Belvoir—*bel videre*, beautiful view, that is how the Norman clerk wrote it in a charter of 1145—is as beautiful today, in its own way, as it was 800 years ago', said J. D. CHAMBERS in a talk in the Midland Home Service. 'The turrets of a castle still overtop the tree-lined ridge and surrounding farmlands as they have done since the time when Robert de Todenai built the first grim Norman keep in the years following the Conquest. Robert was the Standard Bearer of William the Conqueror, and he was given licence to build a tower on the steep cliff overlooking the great expanse of the Vale of Trent and the Lincoln heaths and Leicester wolds. He chose the most westerly outpost of the Belvoir Ridge, a spur of ironstone cut off by erosion from the softer rocks around. It stood in splendid isolation more than 400 feet high; he may have raised it still higher with the aid of the conquered peasantry around him; but once installed in his stronghold, I think he must have looked down at the rich farmlands below, and across to his neighbours at Nottingham and Southwell and Lincoln where more Norman Towers were going up—not to mention the 170 villages which, according to Nichols, the local historian, can be seen from his battlements—and decided to call himself Robert de Belveder, Robert of the Beautiful View.

'By the end of the fifteenth century it had passed by marriage to the Manners family, who own it to this day. In Henry VIII's time Thomas Manners obtained the title of Earl of Rutland and the lands of Belvoir Priory and Croxton Abbey. He now became one of the richest grandees of the land and the castle which had fallen into ruin in the Wars of the Roses was one of the show places of Elizabethan England. Camden, the Elizabethan antiquary, claimed he could see—'with the aid of a prospecting glass—from his house near Tutbury in Derbyshire, a distance of thirty-five miles.

'The castle itself has been described as the lordliest place in England, Windsor alone excepted; and I think this is true. The ridge it stands on is clothed with magnificent trees, planted by successive Dukes of Rutland, and the embattled turrets of the castle spring from the framework of trees like a palace in a fairy tale. The best view is from the opposite spur across the Devon, at Woolsthorpe, where the Cromwellians are said to have placed their guns to batter the place into surrender in 1645. Of course, the parts of the castle we can see today are modern; they were built after the disastrous fire in 1816, and were designed by the reigning Duchess. In building her castle, she 'went' romantic and Gothic—and I am very glad she did. I like my castles to look like castles'.

INVENTIONS OF UNCLE HENRY

Speaking of some odd people she remembers from her childhood, a Home Service talk, EUGENIE FORDHAM said: 'Uncle Henry was like Mr. Gladstone, a time maniac. His day was divided into hours, minutes, and seconds. Woe betide all if more than five seconds were lost. He was awakened daily by an infernal machine, erected nightly by his bedside, consisting of a cheap alarm clock (Uncle Henry was never one to waste his brass) covered by a large tin basin, on top of which was placed a cocoa tin containing some cowrie shells, brought back by a missionary friend to his wife. My brother, who always knew told me gloomily that he reckoned Uncle Henry got special satisfaction out of poor Aunt Emily with the cowrie shells, "for you know", said my brother, "he is awfully keen on people being hoist with their own petards". I didn't know what this meant but it sounded all right, and in the event I have come to realise how right my brother was. It was perhaps a perfect example; but then Uncle Henry was very opposed to Missions.

'This awakening was as nothing to what followed. Every second was now filled with full, bursting prearranged activity until, at 8.40 precisely, Uncle Henry was ready to start for the office. Then appeared the two masterpieces of his invention. A small hot-water bottle filled with water whose temperature was accurately taken, was brought and Uncle Henry suddenly unveiled a small kangaroo-like pouf inserted into an otherwise orthodox pair of trousers and placed the bottle inside it. For, he said, keeping the vital organs of the abdomen warm and the whole man was satisfied. This operation safely concluded (and I may say it caused quite a sensation in those who had never seen it done before) Aunt Emily would hand him a small child's umbrella which, if the humidity of the day exceeded a measured amount, was carried by him at an angle to protect the same region.

'I did not really like Uncle Henry: few indeed did; but who could fail to be entranced by such behaviour or to disown the cachet conferred by the possession of such a relative. And it has always been a source of great regret to me that he died at the age of sixty-six, the result of an accident and before it was possible to put his remarkable prophylactic devices fully to the test'.



Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire

Albert Schweitzer: Man of Many Aspects

Broadcast tributes on his eightieth birthday

I—By NORMAN GOODALL

London Secretary of the International Missionary Council

I FIRST fell for Schweitzer when I was an undergraduate, well over thirty years ago. Youth enjoys awkward questions and daring answers. Part of Schweitzer's appeal to us was that he had asked many questions aloud and had published some startling answers. In doing so he had fluttered a good many doves. The questions were those we have never finished with. How do we know anything for certain? What is the answer to the riddle of existence? Is there such a thing as revelation: a final answer given from beyond?

These are questions that belong to philosophy and theology, and Schweitzer, decades ago, knew what he was talking about as philosopher and theologian. But his mind did not run easily along generally accepted lines, and even as a Christian theologian he had been responsible for the raising of a good many eyebrows. In relation to the central mysteries of the Christian religion Schweitzer belonged—as I believe he still belongs—to those who, intellectually, are seekers rather than finders.

But Schweitzer did not merely excite us as an intellectual rebel. He played Bach . . . and he talked about Africa: why he was there; why he must go back. Why should he, forty years ago, have said 'no' to the kind of success that could have been his? He answered this long ago along two lines: first, he has always been concerned that the white races owe a debt of honour to the coloured people for wars inflicted in past years. We have an atonement to make, he says, and he chooses to be one of those who make it. Secondly, he believes that the search for truth is bound up with the way we live. Answers come (he keeps telling us) not by asking questions only, but by dedication. The riddle of Jesus is solved by following Him. Schweitzer's talk, on that occasion when I first heard him, included words which he has often repeated. First there was the phrase 'reverence for life', or—as the translation of his Norway address puts it—'respect for life'. Then there is the word 'compassion'. To a generation which has unprecedented powers of destruction in its hands he pleads afresh today for reverence for life; respect for life; compassion. For the nations he suggests a new step towards the securing of peace: 'An attempt by every nation to repair, as far as possible, the wrongs which each inflicted upon the other during the last war'.

Why is it, after all, that he has become so well known? What makes this public, world-wide salute to him so very warm and personal? Is it because he is a doctor of medicine; a doctor of theology; a doctor of music—with a score of honorary doctorates thrown in? Is it because he was awarded the Goethe Prize and the Nobel Prize; has

written big books; built and played organs? No: the warmth comes in because, decade after decade, with no retirement and no discharge, he has given himself in Central Africa to the poorest of the poor and the lowliest of the low: reverencing life; respecting life; compassionate to Africa and the world; serving Africa and mankind.

II—By ALEC ROBERTSON

ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO I was given, at Christmas, two large volumes called *J. S. Bach*, by Albert Schweitzer, translated by Ernest

Newman. Ernest Newman was a familiar name; but who, I wondered, was Albert Schweitzer? I turned over the pages idly and—the moment is vivid after all these years—my eye fell on these words—they are a chapter heading: 'The Musical Language of the Chorales: Pictorial and Symbolical Representations'.

Books on music, however good, cannot often be called thrilling—but that over-worked word is the only apt one for what Schweitzer revealed to me in his chapters on Bach's musical language in the organ chorals and the Church Cantatas. Here I found a Bach I had never before discovered: and no criticisms of Schweitzer's ideas made since can detract from that discovery. The immense learning was impressive enough; but much more so to me was the deep spiritual insight into Bach's art that Schweitzer showed, and which is so evident in his organ playing. I can say with truth, as many others can, that his book was a turning point in my musical life—and not only in that.

The fine qualities of Schweitzer's organ playing are unconsciously summed up in some advice he gave to a young artist: 'Never allow virtuosity to guide you. Always listen to the inner voices in Bach's music. Each voice lives its life dependently and independently at the same time, each voice must be allowed to sing out its own beauty'.

Like Bach, Schweitzer is an eminently practical musician. The organ for his beloved church at Grunsbach was reconstructed to his own specification. He said long ago that the only type of organ on which to play Bach, or any worthy composer, is one that combines the best features of the organs of Bach's day and those of ours. Whenever I play Dr. Schweitzer's organ records I think of him at Lambaréné, at the end of his long and arduous day in the steaming heat, his works of mercy and healing over for the moment, turning to play Bach on his pedal piano for spiritual refreshment. It is not books like his, Schweitzer says, not Bach festivals, that are finally needed most, 'but the quiet modest work of thousands of unknown people, who go to Bach for nothing more than their own inner satisfaction, and love to communicate these riches to their neighbours. Only to people like these will he truly reveal himself'. But Schweitzer has shown us the way.



Dr. Albert Schweitzer (who was eighty on January 14) in the main pharmacy of his hospital at Lambaréné, French Equatorial Africa

III—By CLEMENT C. CHESTERMAN

Once a medical missionary in Africa

I DO NOT THINK Dr. Schweitzer's name will go down in the medical text books as a great discoverer of the secrets of nature. But it will go down as that of a pioneer in the application of science. For what he has done is to divert a stream of the river of life through the Augean stables of African sickness, squalor, and superstition. In a recent letter to me he writes, 'I believe in educating the Africans by giving them an example of simplicity and devotion'. How right he is. No point, without that example, in talking about Good News. Little use to preach about the love of God without making it credible for people to whom the power behind the scenes had never hitherto seemed friendly, rarely neutral, and most often hostile, menacing, and terrible.

But Schweitzer taught them, by rescuing them in the name of God from the grip of disease and the fear of tropical terrors, that God is on the side of the angels, not the demons. It is not He who inflicts disease as punishment or out of sheer caprice, it is the Lord who healeth. And he has weaned these folk from their obsessions about witchcraft with all its resulting suspicion and horror. Schweitzer, in a word, has made it possible for men to love both their God and their neighbour, by exorcising fear from their relationship with both. This is an emancipation from a slavery far more cruel than that of chains and shackles. It is the secret of peace and goodwill among men. He set out forty years ago to save the African Lazarus from perishing miserably on the doorstep of the European Dives. And now they are starting to stand on their own feet, erect and robust. And he is still standing by them—his Africans; and they call him *Le Grand Docteur*.

IV—By JAMES CAMERON

Who spent some part of last year at Lambaréné

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED which was the harder to understand: Dr. Schweitzer or Africa. I have met them both at close quarters. The man I do not know, nor ever shall; the country is a mystery, too. Put them together, in that strange emotional relationship, and you have something both wonderful and complex.

When I was canoeing up that vast cocoa-coloured Ogover River I knew only the conventional things of Dr. Schweitzer, the picture all of us have, of probably the only living man internationally famous for being good—not necessarily doing good, but being, as they say, 'the best man in the world'. How did one translate that into human terms? Saintliness is not a thing one has many standards for. And then, of course, I found that every one of the pious biographies had done him a disservice—he was not a prig, he was not smug. The halo turned out to be a bashed old sun-helmet. The hardest thing of all was somehow to communicate that a man could be good, and testy; of almost legendary strength and resolution, but frail; capable of universal tolerance, and sudden superb impatiences. What is more, he was busy.

I can remember him shuffling up the path to the leper village with his great umbrella, in a hurry as usual; there was never quite enough time for what had to be done—things to mend, people to cure, animals to be fed, books to write . . . with the heat beating down like a blanket through that endless rain. 'All I want for a present', he told me, 'is a beautiful vase filled with time. I need more time'. And then at supper he would sit there (the celebrated bush of tousled hair, the great undergrowth of moustache, seemingly made of grey wire, the tired, humorous eyes) and for a while he would berate the world, and excuse it, with a gentle courtesy for which there was always time.

The man is full of paradox, full of contradiction—full of, I suppose, the qualities of being a human being. No doubt about it, he generates awe around him: yet he can be merry, and ironic, always with the thread of compassion running through it all. 'Reverence for life' had always struck me—and I am no philosopher—as perhaps the most appealing possible basis for human behaviour. Here it was. There never was such a place as Lambaréné for life, swarming all over the place in every form—goats, swine, antelopes, a pelican, chimpanzees, ten million insects. We revered their life more than they revered ours.

Of his hospital I am not qualified to say much. It would have astonished those who think of hospitals in terms of antiseptics and white tiles and running water. The Doctor's reasonable argument has always been: if he had built a stark hygienic hospital where his patients could not bring their wives and their children and their dogs and hens, it would have been a good hospital—with nobody in it. He gave the

Africans an atmosphere of familiarity and confidence. Therefore the came.

Every memory I have of Albert Schweitzer with his Africans is shot through with this piquant mixture of sympathy and exasperation. Once I asked him when he was going to Oslo to receive his Nobel Prize. He looked across at the slothful lepers only just at work building the new village. 'I can't go yet', he said. 'If I take my eye off these lazy brutes, they'll never get their place finished—and they need it so'.

In the darkness of the hospital his lamp would always be the last to go out, in the forest, with the tom-toms far away; he would wander away into the night, hanging each page up on a nail so that the aman would not get it. . . . A strange, strange life.

V—By CLARA URQUHART

A South African and close friend

PERHAPS THE MAN who inspires so much love in those who know him well is best seen in a few incidents typical of his way of life. After a heavy day's work on his manuscripts in his Alsatian village home, he asked me to go for a walk with him late at night, telling me that he had to be up till midnight because there was a sick villager to whom he was to give an injection at that hour. (There is no doctor in the village.) At four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the sound of footsteps in the street, and looking out of the window saw Dr. Schweitzer walking briskly. I remarked on this at breakfast and he said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, 'The patient needs four-hourly injections'.

In Strasbourg in July of last year, at his organ recital of Bach music to commemorate the death of the great composer, he mentioned *en passant*, that he had played the same programme in the same church on the same occasion forty-seven years before. . . . This continuity in the way he has lived his life does, I believe, account in part for the rock-like quality of Albert Schweitzer.

He has a sparkling wit and a great gift of repartee. When he was in Oslo last November and saw the fairly luxurious hotel room which the Nobel Committee had reserved for him, he remarked: 'What do they think I am, a trout, that I need running water?' Earlier last year in Lambaréné I heard him sigh: 'Yes, I am a new variety of African elephant, one whom they hunt not with guns but with cameras'. On a particularly hot day I asked him what the temperature was and he replied: 'There is no thermometer at Lambaréné because if we knew how hot it was, we couldn't stand it'. Or again remarking on a certain missionary's point of view that polygamy should be forbidden, and the Africans taught to sacrifice the earthly joys for those of the hereafter Schweitzer remarked drily that it was a moot point whether the possession of several wives could be classed as an earthly joy. . . .

I believe that it is this great gift of humour which has kept Dr. Schweitzer so incredibly youthful, and that this has balanced the profound pessimism which his great prophetic insight has performed brought him. As far back as March 1932, when he gave the Goethe Memorial Address in Frankfurt, he referred again and again to the present time as gruesome and frightful, and he proclaimed that a gigantic repetition of the Faust drama was being played on the world stage.

The hospital at Lambaréné is a symbol of Dr. Schweitzer's reverence for life; a philosophy which he believes we can all live out in our own spheres. But in order to have some measure of the epic quality of his will to serve mankind it is well never to forget that when Albert Schweitzer went to that lonely, unhealthy part of Africa close on half a century back, there were no aeroplanes, no roads, fewer and slower ships; it is well never to forget that then his was the only hospital in a radius of hundreds of miles of disease-ridden country. Now, in part, governments have become aware of their responsibilities. But in the early part of this century he was one of the very few who had the great courage to heed the call to go and heal the sick in these dark parts, and it is that thought which fills me with a deep humility.

—Home Service

Among recent books on art subjects are: *The Art of Thomas Girtin*, by Thomas Girtin and David Loshak (Black, 50s.); *Renoir* (second volume with introduction and notes by Bernard Denvir; *Vermeer* with introduction and notes by Andrew Forge (Faber Gallery, 9s. 6d. each); *Italian Porcelain*, by Arthur Lane (Faber, 35s.); *Oceanic Art*, with text by H. Tischner and photographs by F. Hewicker (Thames and Hudson, 42s.); *The Connoisseur Year Book 1955* (The Connoisseur, 21s.); and *Graphic Design*, by John Lewis and John Brinkley (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30s.).

The Gallic Scene Today—IV

France as the Conscience of Europe

By DONAT O'DONNELL

Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
(Though changed in outward lustre) that fixed mind
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend . . .

THESE lines of Milton's Satan are quoted—or rather they are subtly altered—by M. Albert Camus in the chapter on Absolute Negation in his great tract, *L'Homme Révolté*. 'High disdain from sense of injured merit' becomes in M. Camus' version *ce haut dédain, né de la conscience offensée*. Milton's Satan, that earthy, pragmatical, political Englishman, brooding over his exclusion from God's first Cabinet, is turned by M. Camus into a fallen angel. His consciousness—the centre of his moral and perceptive being—is outraged by God. His negation is absolute and not, as with Milton, a question of a job. In the same book, M. Camus gives rather similar treatment to a quotation from a more modern writer. 'The ideal system, based on collective property', he writes, 'defined itself as justice plus electricity. In the end it turned out to be just electricity, minus justice'. But Lenin, after all—whom M. Camus is here paraphrasing and criticising—did not speak of justice plus electricity; he spoke of *Soviets* plus electricity, a rather different thing.

Tendency to Abstraction

M. Camus is one of the most alert, as well as one of the most civilised, of modern writers, and he could quote Milton and Lenin accurately if he chose. Why, then, does he change the Slav's demands for committees and the Englishman's ruminations about jobs into reflections of a high abstract order, hinging on *la conscience* and *la justice*? Let us, for the moment, defer an answer to that question and simply note, provisionally, two examples of a French tendency to abstraction and the raising of moral issues. One could find many other examples but these have the striking merit of distortion—the writer's surest homage to a ruling passion.

But there is something more specific at work in these distortions than a simple tendency to abstraction, which one might, rather obtusely, suppose to be a mere linguistic habit, common to all Latins. There is a tendency of the historical imagination, an obsession with a great magnetic archetype, causing even reported speech to deviate from the true. Lenin did not talk about *la justice*, but Robespierre did; Milton's Satan would have been incapable of formulating such an idea as *la conscience offensée*, but the phrase could have fallen, with mortal effect, from the lips of Saint-Just. The French Revolution is still *the* revolution, the norm by which such a mind as M. Camus judges not only the Russian Revolution but also the revolt against God. Indeed, the French Revolution was, essentially, the revolt against God.

'Once you deny God', says M. Camus, commenting on Danton, 'you must kill the King'. And again, in the characteristic language of personified entities: 'Justice in order to establish itself amid Equality must give God his death-blow by attacking his representative on earth'. It is 'the desanctification of history and the disincarnation of God'.

So far so good, an earlier M. Camus might have said, and M. Camus himself is not a Christian; he is not even in any very obvious sense a deist. Until about forty years ago the course of desanctified history gave, on the whole, satisfaction to the European mind, and the French Revolution was thought of as a great act of liberation. But now the historical imagination, which always considers the remoter past by reference to the more recent past, sees the French Revolution through the dark glow of Dachau and Karaganda. The Terror, which seemed to many of our fathers a quaint and remote idea, has come suddenly much closer. M. Camus and his friends know it well, for they struggled in its shadow for four years. In those years, and the subsequent years, the idea of the French Revolution itself underwent a revolution. No one, I think, has expressed this revolution in the secular mind better than M. Camus has done. 'The revolution of principles', he writes,

meaning that of 1789, 'killed God in the person of his representative. The revolution of the twentieth century kills what remains of God in the principles themselves and enthrones historical nihilism . . . To choose history, and it alone, is to choose nihilism . . .'

'What remains of God in the principles themselves': I think that perhaps these words illumine, in a rather unexpected way, the odd things M. Camus did with those quotations from Milton and Lenin. By intruding arbitrarily his principles of *justice* and *conscience*—principles that carry 'what remains of God'—he is expressing his will to keep God alive (in the measure that he can believe in God), and to reveal divine aspirations not only in the Russian Revolution but in the revolt against God itself. His position is paradoxical, and could be called reactionary, for he seeks to return to the principles—and no further than the principles—while refusing many of the consequences that followed from the revolutionary attempt to apply those principles. In a sense he is stuck in the French Revolution, unable to move either backwards to traditional Christian ideas or forward towards the deification of history by Hegel and Marx. 'Is the idea of justice comprehensible without the idea of God?' he asks himself and does not answer, but continues to speak of justice. 'It is not hatred which will speak tomorrow', he wrote in *Combat* on the day of the Liberation, 'but Justice herself'. To his credit he admitted, and not long afterwards, that his prophecy was mistaken. But his first instinctive cry was in the very language of Saint-Just, that terrible moral dandy who has haunted the French imagination for a century and a half.

Camus, philosopher of the absurd, is as conscious as any of his critics can be of the intellectual difficulties of his position, but he prefers a firm morality, even on a shaky philosophical basis, to an imposing intellectual system which will justify murder. He holds that the system of Hegel, integrating values into history, is such a system, and it seems difficult to refute his view. Not all French intellectuals, even non-communist ones, would agree with him. M. Merleau-Ponty, for example—an intellectual if ever there was one—has written a book called *Humanism and Terror* in which he rather tortuously disapproves of Russian state trials. Yet he asserts that 'proletarian utility is value in action in history'. This sinister sentence, which makes one regret the classical prose of Saint-Just, seems to mean that murder committed on behalf of the proletariat is not murder. The only real objection to the state trials, therefore, is that they were not useful to the proletariat. That is, in fact, M. Merleau-Ponty's position.

Sartre and Moral Ambiguity

M. Sartre is, I think, nearer to M. Merleau-Ponty than to M. Camus. For him the Russian Revolution is, or has been, a great engine which has stalled. As an intellectual position this has certain tactical advantages: if you change your mind you are none the less consistent; simply the engine has started again. There is in all his thought a moral ambiguity masked by a peremptory tone, very different from the honest and modest 'absurdity' of M. Camus. M. Sartre systematically calls his opponents, the bourgeois, *les salauds*: those swine. ('He means you and me', wrote a reviewer in *Le Monde* plaintively.) This tone is probably good for his bourgeois readers, but one doubts whether it can be good for himself. Yet it may be so, for M. Sartre is very conscious of being a bourgeois, writing for other bourgeois. In that sense his shrill abusive note may be a sort of self-flagellation, a penitential procession in rude prose. There is, at any rate, something of a puzzle about the tone and there is a puzzle about the thought, too. In *What is Literature?*, for example, a work written at a time when he and M. Camus appeared to be in general agreement, M. Sartre gives us a Camusian definition: 'Literature is the movement whereby man frees himself from history'. But in the same volume he tells us that 'we had no choice but to produce a literature of a historical character'. How can that which frees itself from history be at the same time of a historical character? This is, of course, a quibble—and texts from Camus could be cited to bring out a similar verbal contradiction—but in Sartre's case it corresponds to a reality. Both Camus and Sartre approved the slogan *la littérature*

engagée—literature in gear—but Sartre always had in mind that famous stalled engine which might at any moment start again.

The dialogue of Sartre and Camus, which is also a dialogue in the minds of many French intellectuals, has just now been turned into a novel, by Mme. Simone de Beauvoir, formerly a prominent member of what was at one time regarded as a group. The novel is called, rather strangely, *Les Mandarins*, the mandarins being the left-wing intellectuals, and it deals with the conflict between Dubreuilh, a philosopher, sympathetic to communism, and his young disciple, Perron, editor of an independent left-wing paper called, not *Combat*, but *L'Espoir*. It appears that they discover the existence of forced-labour camps in Russia; Dubreuilh wishes to keep his discovery to himself but Perron decides to serve immediate truth rather than an idea of the proletariat and of history. Mme. de Beauvoir says she has not written a *roman à clef*, and probably she has not; one doubts whether she possesses the key—not the key to the personalities but the key to the ideas, which are more important. She herself, indeed, at one time, typified what was most vain and modish in the movement, the seeking of occasions for the literary demonstration of moral superiority. In her American diary, for example, she devotes many pages to the hard lot of Negroes and share-croppers, but does not find one word to say about factory workers or industrial production—except to refer to a rumour which reached her that juke-boxes had been installed in certain factories.

Fundamentally this sort of 'left-wing' attitude, common enough in St. Germain des Prés, derives less from Marx than from Marie Antoinette; it is the lachrymose version of pastoral. This was the mood, in the 'twenties and 'thirties, of certain of André Breton's disciples who believed, pathetically or frivolously, in an alliance between surrealism and communism. One of them has told us, illuminatingly, of a discussion which took place between some communists and some surrealists on the subject of the class-traitor Millerand. All agreed enthusiastically at first that Millerand was a *salaud* and worse; nothing was too bad for him. But then a surrealist raised the question of love; it was said that Millerand had betrayed socialism at the request of his mistress whom he passionately loved. This, then, was the debate: *Millerand, était-il capable d'un grand amour?* The surrealists decided that if Millerand had betrayed through passion, Millerand was right. The communists went away in disgust—understandably, given their point of view.

This anecdote is of interest, not so much as revealing the silliness of certain left-wing intellectuals—an aspect of which you, being M. Sartre's *salauds*, are probably only too conscious already—but as showing a certain stubborn tendency in even the giddiest French mind to apply humane, rather than historical, standards of morality. A certain silliness and, above all, inconsequence, may be necessary to save mankind from the devastating consequences of its own logic.

We have, however, said quite enough about the sillier fringes of what is, in its best minds, a profoundly serious movement. The danger, after all, outside France, is not that of being fooled by French foolery, but that of not taking French seriousness as seriously as it needs, in all our interests, to be taken.

To many minds in England and America the preoccupation of French literary men with political cases of conscience and problems of revolutionary morality seems not merely strange but wasteful and slightly comic. One remembers reading in some London weekly a few months ago—before Geneva—that, as France had no influence in world politics and as French intellectuals had no influence on French politics, they should abandon their politico-moral pretensions and talk about psychology, painting, food, rock-pools, etc. The same tone would hardly be used today. 'To write is to choose', wrote M. Camus three years ago. 'To govern is to choose', said the French Prime Minister recently. From either the words or the coincidence, to argue that 'to write is to govern' would be absurd, in more than a philosophical sense. Yet it is, at least, no longer self-evident that M. Camus' attempt 'to introduce the language of morality into the exercise of politics' is doomed to complete failure.

'The language of morality', for M. Camus, is the language of the great Revolution, and it coincides, as he says, with a philosophical negation. The political and psychological ambiguities in the very word 'conscience' are known, and are manifest in the behaviour of so influential a writer as M. Sartre. Yet there are good reasons why we can think of France—the France of which an intellectual apex is visible in the work of M. Camus—as being the conscience of Europe. One reason is that the competition is not intense. The English conscience, for example, is an organ at once too specialised and too robust to serve any general need. Nor has England—or any other country—undergone the refining process suffered by France, that of being at one and the same time a colonial power and a colony. No country with a culture developed to the height of that of France, with such psychological refinement and critical sense, ever before had to undergo, quite suddenly, the treatment normal to a subject race.

To M. Camus, and to others of generous character, this experience was morally revivifying in the sense that it literally brought to life again the old revolutionary words, like 'justice' and 'fraternity', which had been living for years a sort of life in death, propped up at Masonic dinners. Literature, then, took on in France, far more than anywhere else, the aspect of an examination of conscience—a painful ambiguous examination without clear rules or guidance other than that of negative experience, the rejection of nihilism and imperialism. More, indeed: a rejection, by the best, of history, founded on history, a blasphemy against the one God in which the modern world has fervently believed, the God of Hegel, of Feuerbach, and of Marx.

Whether this examination and this rejection can serve, whether 'what remains of God' can be stirred to life in the abstract principles, whether the French Revolution will help us more in its new cycle of life than it did on its first appearance may be doubted, and are, in fact, doubted by the Catholics and the communists of France. One can only say that if a great Victorian, if Acton or Arnold, were to return to earth today and look for an intense moral tone and a high seriousness, it would be to the literature of France that he would have to turn.

—Third Programme

Early Churches in South-east Turkey

By MICHAEL GOUGH

DURING the past fifty years or so there has been a growing interest in the problems of the origins of early Christian art and architecture—all the more so because it was only at the beginning of the present century that such a problem was recognised to exist at all. Until then Christianity, a corner-stone of western civilisation, had been considered almost as an exclusive heritage of the west. The conquests of the early Church beyond the eastern frontiers of the Roman Empire were almost forgotten, and few people looked beyond Rome or, at best, the confines of the Roman-Hellenistic world for the origins of the characteristic art and architecture which the new religion had brought into being.

In 1901, Josef Strzygowski challenged the old beliefs in his book *Orient oder Rom?*, and so began a controversy which has lasted to this day. He urged scholars searching for the origins of church art and architecture to withdraw their attention from Rome and Hellenism, and to turn their gaze to a new horizon in the east and, in particular,

to Iran and Armenia, countries whose role in the field of early Christian art had, up to that time, barely been considered. This was an extreme view and was immediately challenged. The claims of Rome, and of the Roman world in general, were restated in terms as vigorous and uncompromising as Strzygowski's own.

Yet while Rome, Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople on the one hand, and Iran and Armenia on the other, became the rallying cries of the protagonists of the two opposing schools of thought, Asia Minor was largely left out of the reckoning. Its importance was recognised, but evidence was scanty, as indeed it still is. Strzygowski, in his *Kleinasiens, ein Neuland der Kunstgeschichte*, collected much of the available material, but particularly regretted the lack of evidence from Cilicia on the south-eastern seaboard of Asia Minor, an area geographically almost insignificant yet of outstanding importance in world history.

Cilicia is a small country, wedged between the mountains of the



The monastery church of Alahan, Cilicia—

Taurus range of South Anatolia and the Mediterranean Sea; indeed, in its western part, known in antiquity as Rough Cilicia, the mountains have moved right down to the coast itself, and the area is as rugged and trackless today as it was in the past. The eastern part, however, is a fertile plain, a wide tract of rich agricultural land between the Taurus and the sandy beaches to the south. Through this little country, by way of two passes—the Cilician Gates in the north and the Amanian Gates in the south-east—runs the main highway between Anatolia and Syria, between the ancient worlds of west and east, in fact.

Until recently, the strategic importance of Cilicia was immense, and its history has always been turbulent. As early as the second millennium B.C., the Egyptians and Hittites were disputing its possession; the Assyrians campaigned there in the eighth and seventh centuries, and later both Xenophon and Alexander drove through Cilicia in their marches to the east. Nearly a thousand years afterwards, when the tide of conquest had turned, Moslem Arabs surged through the Cilician Gates into the western provinces of the Byzantine Empire.

In a country where different civilisations followed each other with little or no break in the continuity of urban and agricultural life, the interplay of architectural and artistic traditions was bound to be considerable. In the Cilician sculpture of the Hellenistic and Roman periods, for instance, only a thin veneer of Classical convention concealed the native Anatolian technique of stone-carving and two-dimensional treatment of subject, while Arab craftsmen of a later era imitated the architectural mouldings which they saw in the surviving Roman and Byzantine monuments. Even today there are examples of this kind of borrowing; I know a village near the site of a Roman city where a triumphal arch towers above a little cluster of Turkish houses. The owner of one of these houses so admired the arch that he carved, as best he could, a pair of Corinthian pilasters, and set them up on either side of his front door.

At all periods the incoming techniques and art motifs have gradually been absorbed into the existing culture, influencing it and adding new features which, in their turn, became 'local', to be influenced by the next set of invaders. At the same time, the indigenous Anatolian tradition influenced the newcomers, and we find the same forms and motifs persisting, with superficial modifications, throughout the various political changes that took place in Cilicia. Often the changes came quickly, as the result of wars and incursions; at other times the process was more gradual, as the fresh impulses arrived through peaceful immigration and trade relations. But, however they came, they came constantly, and it is not difficult to see how important this was in the early centuries of Christianity.

The new religion was not confined to the Roman world. Indeed, it

spread rapidly in the east beyond the imperial frontiers, and was more widely accepted there, at first, than it was in the west. Wherever Christianity was practised, however, there very soon arose the need for churches. It does not always occur to us today that the early Christians had to invent and decide upon the type of building that would be suitable as a place of assembly and common worship. Just as doctrines now widely accepted had to be defined when Christianity was new, so the church building, which we take for granted, had to be 'thought up' and to become a subject for experiment.

All things being equal, it would have been natural enough for the Christians of east and west to have adapted their own regional architecture to meet this new need; but it would have been a coincidence indeed if both had arrived independently at the same plan for their churches. As it was, however, even though Christianity was persecuted in the west until Constantine's victory at the Milvian Bridge, it was the Hellenistic-Roman basilica that first emerged as the standard type of church. However, the fact that the Christians of the east had been able to practise their religion freely under the Kings of Parthia, meant that an eastern tradition, particularly in the field of iconography, had also evolved, and we cannot ignore its contribution to standard Christian art and architecture.

Cilicia is very rich in early Christian monuments, as well it might be, seeing that it was first evangelised by a native Cilician, St. Paul himself. In addition, we might expect to find in its early church art and architecture that interplay and fusion of eastern and western traditions that I referred to earlier.

Some of the earliest churches there were the immediate successors of pagan temples and were built on the same sites. This was due to several causes: the place already had religious associations; expense was spared, since suitable building material lay ready to hand, and, finally, the erection of the new church served not only as a manifesto of the new religion, but also purged the site of its paganism. At Epiphanea, for example, just south of the Amanian Gates, a rough



—and the west gate of the monastery, with a carved head of Christ on the lintel block

Photographs: Michael Gough

brick apse was tacked on to the solid stone masonry of a temple, while at Sebaste, in Rough Cilicia, a little church was actually built inside a temple. Here one or two of the columns were incorporated in the masonry of the apse, and the remaining temple space outside the church was transformed into a sacred precinct.

Such a continuity of religious associations at a single place is a common phenomenon throughout history, and in Cilicia, where peoples and religions have changed so often, it is interesting to see how strongly a tradition of holiness may persist. For example, about three miles up the Roman road that runs inland from Lamos in Rough Cilicia there is a great natural depression in the rock—a vertical cavern some 200 yards across and about 120 feet deep. This site was occupied at least as early as the third century B.C., and on its sheer sides are many pagan reliefs and inscriptions. At a later period the Christians built no less than four churches round the edge of the cavern, and it apparently became a place of pilgrimage. Today the few Turkish villagers who live there still pay their tribute to the local divinity according to the ancient custom of hanging shreds of their clothing on the trees and thorn bushes that grow on the precipitous path that winds down into it.

The Three-aisled Basilica

Of the buildings designed specifically as churches the most usual type in Cilicia is the three-aisled basilica. This is an oblong hall, divided lengthways by two rows of columns, with an apsidal sanctuary at the east end—the *bema*; on either side of the *bema* a small room for the use of the clergy is a normal feature. At the west is often an arcade, opening into the *narthex*, a shallow porch or ante-room which stretches across the entire width of the building. The *narthex* is part of the church, though not officially in it. It was to the *narthex* that the catechumens withdrew during those parts of the service that they were not entitled to attend, and here that penitents had to stay until they had completed their penance. Women, too, were often confined to the *narthex*, though sometimes—in Rough Cilicia, for example—there was a wooden gallery for them above the side aisles. The *narthex* communicates with the nave through three doors, of which the one in the centre is usually richly decorated. The roofing was usually of wood, and, if there were no galleries, the side aisles were often roofed at a lower level than the rest of the church, while a clerestory with windows rose above the central aisles.

Although the basilican church is prevalent in Cilicia, it is not to be thought that architects were entirely unimaginative, or incapable of assimilating or inventing other plans for their churches. At Anazarbus in the eastern plain there is a cruciform church, with transepts, which has affinities with examples from the Anatolian plateau, while the ruins of another basilican church nearby suggest the interesting possibility that there there was a square central tower, perhaps surmounted by a dome.

With the word 'dome', I touch upon a controversy which has long raged—and indeed still rages—in the architectural and archaeological world. In spite of all the theories and arguments that have been brought to bear on the subject, it has still not been satisfactorily decided whether this feature—the dome over a square bay, of which the most glorious example is to be found in St. Sophia in Constantinople—is eastern or western in origin. Each side has its champions, and I do not intend to enter the lists at this point. All the same, I think that it may be worth while to mention the fact that there are two churches in Rough Cilicia, both at least half a century older than St. Sophia, in which this feature may have existed. At Alahan, high in the mountains above the site of the ancient Claudiopropolis, the monastery church has a central tower in which are incorporated the architectural members known as squinches, which convert the square into an octagon suitable for the erection of a dome above; while at Silifke, once Seleucia on the Calycadnus, the dome over a square bay has been reliably attested in another church of basilican plan.

So much for church architecture in Cilicia; when we turn to Christian decorative motifs we shall find that, just as buildings and sites for churches were in many cases taken over, lock, stock and barrel, from pagan predecessors, so pagan motifs were given a twist and a new significance that suited them to Christianity.

The peacock, for instance—the bird of immortality—soon found its way into the repertoire of Christian iconography. On a relief at Anazarbus two peacocks face one another, while between them is a vase filled with foliage which forms itself into the shape of a cross. At the

same place, and at Alahan, are trailing vines with grape clusters again an obvious motif for the new religion to borrow; sometimes little birds are shown perching on the tendrils and pecking at the grapes.

Another most interesting example of this adaptation of pagan motifs to Christian use is a mosaic pavement recently excavated at Sebaste in Rough Cilicia. This mosaic decorates the floor of the *bema* in the little church built inside a pagan temple which I have already mentioned, and it may be dated, on stylistic grounds, to the fifth century A.D. The subject is clear enough; it is a *Paradeisos*, the ancient version of a zoological garden, and animals, both wild and tame, are depicted against a background of rather charming pink flowers. A pagan *Paradeisos* was derived from the myth of Orpheus and the beasts, and it was easy in Christian times to substitute Christ for the gentle Orpheus, to transfer the general theme of peace and harmony to a Messianic paradise. Unfortunately, the central panel of this mosaic was destroyed in antiquity; but its very absence is significant. It is this central panel that would probably have contained the image of Christ, the metamorphosed Orpheus, and it was just this human figure that would have been particularly repugnant to Moslem invaders. In the case of the vertical cavern, which I mentioned before, a holy place had had its influence on different peoples and religions; at Sebaste we see how the different peoples and religions influenced one particular place. Both are typical cycles of events in Cilicia.

Apart from its iconographical interest, the Sebaste mosaic, and another from the neighbouring site of Corycus, reflect the influence of the coeval Antiochene school of art. In its formal, two-dimensional treatment of subjects for representation, the breakdown of the Hellenistic tradition can be seen and the corresponding encroachment of the east.

Finally, I come to one of the most famous churches in Cilicia, the monastery church at Alahan, which I have already mentioned in connection with the great dome controversy. It still stands, almost to roof height, on a narrow ledge at the top of a pine-covered slope some 5,000 feet above the valley of the Calycadnus. Owing to its almost inaccessible position it has remained virtually undamaged, and much of its carved decoration is in a fine state of preservation. In this decoration, motifs of pagan ancestry are to be found side by side with, or grafted on to, others which are purely Christian in inspiration. Of the pagan, one of the most striking is to be seen on the lintel block of the monastery gate. In the centre is a disc enclosing the head of Christ and supported on either side by a flying angel. Seen from a distance, it resembles nothing so much as the winged sun-disc which is so prominent in the art of the ancient east as the symbol of kingship; the similarity can hardly be fortuitous, as pagan examples of the winged sun-disc are found in the Roman period.

Early Representation of the Four Evangelists

On the under side of the same lintel block is another relief of which the subject is purely Christian in derivation and significance. It is one of the earliest known representations of the four Evangelists in the form of a man, a lion, a calf, and a flying eagle, and the figures are arranged as a tetramorph—that is, the four bodies merge into one another. As the creatures are winged, and the wings of the human figure—St. Matthew—appear to be 'full of eyes', as described in the *Apocalypse*. A curious touch is the substitution of acanthus leaves for feathers in the wings of the lion and the bull—an almost apologetic intrusion of a Classical motif into a work that in other respects seems to owe very little to the west. On each of the door jambs supporting the lintel block is an angel in relief. These figures are purely frontal and two-dimensional, and their outlines are cut away sharply from the background. In many respects they resemble later reliefs on the Armenian church at Achthamar, which—in view of Strzygowski's theories—is interesting.

In the monastery church itself, the decorative carving is equally rich. On the jambs of the central door are Classical cornucopias and trailing vine scrolls, while the south door is embellished with the Christian crypsogram, the fish.

I have dwelt rather more on the monastic buildings at Alahan than on other sites, because in them the importance of Cilicia for the study of early Christian art and architecture is best exemplified. Here, at a single site, are artistic elements as diverse as the peoples from which they were ultimately derived. At Alahan the Greco-Roman tradition survives, strengthened by the persistence of native Anatolian art-forms, enriched by the contribution of a newly awakened Orient and, above all, inspired and transformed by the vital force of Christianity.

Morals without Religion

The second of two talks by MARGARET KNIGHT

IN my first talk*, I suggested that orthodox Christianity is no longer intellectually tenable, and that scientific humanism provides the best answer to our need for a constructive attitude to life and for a code of conduct. I want here to deal with two questions that are of considerable practical importance to humanist parents: namely, what shall they tell their children about God; and what sort of moral training shall they give them?

Answering Questions about God

We must, I am sure, tell children something about God; we cannot just by-pass the problem by not mentioning it. And for young children I would suggest, tentatively, something of this sort. We can tell them that everyone believed at one time, and some people believe now, that there are two great powers in the world: a good power, called God, who made the world, and who loves human beings and who wants them to love one another, and to be happy and good; and a bad power, called the Devil, who is opposed to God and who wants people to be unhappy and bad. We can tell them that some people still believe this, but that most people now think there is not really a Devil—the Devil is something like the ogres and witches in the fairy-tales. And we can tell them that some people now do not think there is really a God, any more than there is really a Santa Claus—though we often like to talk as though there were. Then when the child asks what we believe, as he certainly will, we can say that we do not think there is really a God, but that many people think otherwise and that he can make up his own mind when he is older.

But what about Christ? May I say at once that I do not think it would be desirable—even if it were possible under the present Education Act—for children to grow up in ignorance of the New Testament. We do not want a generation who do not know what Christmas and Easter mean; who have never heard of the star of Bethlehem or the angel at the door of the tomb. These are part of the fabric of our culture; they are woven into our literature and art and architecture; the child should hear them. All I urge is that he should hear them treated frankly as legends.

May I say, in parenthesis, that it is a mistake to think that unbelievers are all insensitive Philistines with no appreciation of beauty, no respect for tradition, no capacity for wonder and reverence, who would like nothing better than to pull down the cathedral at Chartres and erect a public wash-house on the site. I do not want to pull down Chartres, any more than I want to pull down the Parthenon; but I *should* like to see them treated rather more on a level. One can feel awe, and wonder, and reverence before the Parthenon without believing in the goddess Athene to whose worship it was dedicated; and one can have similar emotions at Chartres without believing in the God of Israel.

So, I suggest, let children read and listen to New Testament stories in the same way as they read and listen to the stories of Greek mythology. And when they ask if the stories are true, they can be told that they are a mixture of fact and legend. There was a real Trojan war, and Hector and Achilles may well have been real people; but we do not now believe that Achilles was the son of a sea-nymph, and that he was invulnerable because he had been dipped in the Styx. Similarly, there was a real Jesus Christ who preached to the Jews and was crucified; but we do not now believe that he was the son of God and of a virgin, or that he rose from the dead. Later, the child can hear more about Christ as one of the world's great moral teachers; but that leads to my second point—the question of humanist character-training.

To begin with a little psychology: at different times, very different views have been held about the nature of man. At one extreme was the view held by the philosopher Hobbes, that man is essentially selfish. On this view, all behaviour is self-interested—if we help our neighbour, it is just because we think it may induce him to help us later on. At the other extreme is the view, of which Rousseau was the chief exponent, that man is naturally unselfish and co-operative, and that if he behaves otherwise it can only be because his natural development has been interfered with. 'Man', said

Rousseau, 'is naturally good. Only by institutions is he made bad'.

Neither of these extreme views is correct; the truth lies between them. To start with a good resounding platitude, human nature is very mixed. It is natural for us to be to a large extent self-centred, and to be hostile and aggressive towards people who obstruct us in getting what we want; and it is also natural for us to co-operate with other people, and to feel affection and sympathy for them. In more technical terms, we have both ego-instincts and social instincts—which may pull us in different ways. It is arguable that civilisation depends largely on widening the scope of the social impulses. Primitive man is co-operative within the family or tribe, and tends to treat everyone outside it as an enemy; the most civilised man may feel a certain sense of kinship with the whole human race. I cannot pursue this further here.

But one thing is surely clear. In community life, and especially in the sort of highly organised community life that we lead today, it is desirable that the social impulses shall be well developed and the ego-impulses kept to some extent under control. Morality—moral codes—on the humanist view, can best be regarded as an organised attempt to reinforce the social impulses. There is one principle which is common to all moral codes, in all types of society however different they may be; one moral axiom which is accepted by everyone, from a head-hunter in Borneo to a Jesuit priest; and that is: 'We must not be completely selfish; we must be prepared, at times and within limits, to put our own interests second to those of our family, or our friends, or of the group or community to which we belong'.

This does not mean that we must always be making sacrifices: we have a duty to ourselves as well as to others. But the essence of humanist morality is *disinterestedness*—not letting our own claims and interests blind us to other people's: the ideal so nobly exemplified in the famous story of Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen; when, mortally wounded and parched with thirst, he handed the cup of water that had been brought him to a still more desperately wounded man, saying: 'Friend, thy need is greater than mine'. Disinterested behaviour can spring from various motives. One man may be disinterested on principle, after a certain amount of moral struggle; another may be disinterested because he is a naturally warm-hearted and generous person, who enjoys seeing others happy. Both types are admirable, but most of us would agree that it is the second that we admire more; it is the second that we should like our children to resemble if possible. So when we come to the practical question of child upbringing, perhaps the most important question to ask is this: 'Is it in any way possible, by our methods of upbringing, to increase the chance that the child will grow up a warm-hearted and generous person?'

Character Training through Love

That is a question which can receive a refreshingly definite answer: 'and the gist of the answer can be conveyed in one word—'love'. Warm-hearted and generous natures are developed not primarily by training and discipline, important though these are in other ways, but by love. There is abundant evidence that if a child is brought up in a warm, happy, confident, affectionate home atmosphere, he has the best chance of developing into a well-balanced, secure, affectionate, and generous-minded person. Whereas the child who has not got this background—the child who feels unloved, or who can never feel sure that he is loved—is the potential problem case. A high proportion of neurotics and delinquents are people who have been deprived of normal affection in childhood.

There was a deplorable theory current some time ago that it was not a good thing to show love for a child too openly, or to encourage the child to show it. I have seen a mother snub a child when he showed affection, and tell him not to be sentimental. That is a grave mistake. A small child can hardly have, or give, too much love. This does not mean that the parents should always be smothering him with demonstrations—although a small child's appetite for such demonstrations can be pretty insatiable—and it does not mean that they should urge the child to be more demonstrative than comes natural to him. But it

is important to provide demonstrations when the child shows he wants them; and still more important to provide a firm, secure background of affection so that it never occurs to the child to doubt that he is loved and wanted. Psychological work with children strongly suggests that so long as the parents provide this background they cannot, with a young child, go far wrong. Even though they make mistakes of judgement in other ways—and what parent does not?—these will not have any serious effect. Whereas if they do not provide this background, there is a problem children in the making. It is as simple as that.

But providing affection will not solve all problems. The child has a powerful outfit of ego-instincts, and these are bound to show themselves often, in inconvenient and sometimes unpleasant ways. For example, take that perennial problem of a child showing jealousy and hostility towards a new baby. It is a problem that can be reduced by tactful handling, but it does often arise, sometimes to the extent that it is not safe to leave the older child alone with the baby. If this does happen, it is important that the parents should not take up a shocked or heartbroken attitude. They should not suggest to the child, either by what they say or by what they do not say, that they had expected him to love the new baby and that they feel it is rather shocking and unnatural that he does not.

No Need for a Feeling of Guilt

This illustrates a point that is of fundamental importance in bringing up children; that is, that though the child must be helped and encouraged to control his aggressive impulses, he should not be made to feel that it is wicked and unnatural of him to have them. We all have them; they are part of our instinctive heritage; and one of the great contributions of modern psychology to human happiness has been to recognise this fact, and to make it clear that, provided we control our more primitive impulses, there is not the least need for us to feel guilty because we feel them.

Another related point: it is unwise for parents to set children an impossibly high standard of unselfishness. Sometimes parents do this, perhaps with the idea that it is best to ask for more than you expect to get, or you may not get anything. But it is a mistake. Let me give an example. That great child psychologist Susan Isaacs described somewhere how an obviously intelligent mother had put this problem to her. She had an only child, a little girl, and they lived in an isolated neighbourhood, where the only children available as playmates were rather rough and boisterous. Whenever they came to the house, some of the little girl's toys got broken; and, not surprisingly, she was beginning to be rather unwilling that they should come. The mother asked: would it be wrong—would it be encouraging selfishness—if, when these children came, the more breakable toys were put away?

The answer was that of course it would not be wrong; it is the obvious thing to do. Why should a little girl's sense of property not be respected as much as an adult's? If the mother had some cherished possession—say a new fur coat—she would not lend it to someone who she knew would be likely to spoil it; she would think it unreasonable if she were asked to. Why set a much higher standard for a child? Someone may say: 'But that is different; the fur coat is valuable and the toys are not'. But the toys may be just as valuable to the child, and it is expecting too much of human nature that she should not mind seeing them smashed if it gives other children pleasure to smash them.

So far I have been suggesting that the most important task of moral education is to encourage the social impulses. But it would be unrealistic to suppose that all social behaviour is the spontaneous outflow of social impulses. A great deal of it is the result of training; the person has been taught to conform to certain codes of behaviour that make for the general interest. This training is not moral education in the strictest sense, but it is a most important part of a child's upbringing. Early in life, he has to learn to obey various rules that make for the smooth running of the household. He has to go to bed at the right time without making a fuss; to respect other people's property; to come to meals in time; sometimes to refrain from disturbing adults when they are busy, and so on. This is a field in which there have to be definite rules, and—let us face it—definite penalties.

There is a strange idea about, that modern psychology does not believe in rules and penalties; that, as a result of the discoveries of Freud, we now know that the right way to bring up a child is to let him do exactly as he likes, that, if we ever say 'don't' to a child, or, still more, if we punish him, we risk damaging him for life. So may I say, as clearly as I can, that modern psychology says nothing of the sort? Freud said, in his *Lectures on Psychoanalysis*:

The child has to learn to control its instincts. To grant it complete freedom, so that it obeys all its impulses without any restriction, is impossible. It would be a very instructive experiment for child psychologists, but it would make life impossible for the parents, and would do serious damage to the children themselves. . . . Education has to steer its way between the Scylla of giving the instincts free play, and the Charybdis of frustrating them altogether.

Freud had six children—he knew what he was talking about!

Reasonable discipline never did children any harm—in fact, fundamentally, they prefer it. They need a stable framework for their lives; they like to know where they are and know what is expected of them; they do not want to have to decide everything for themselves. The discipline should not be excessive—we do not want prohibition for prohibition's sake; and it must not be capricious—it is no use forbidding a thing one day and allowing it the next. But above all—the old point again—it must be maintained with affection. Parents should never say: 'I won't love you if you do that . . .' or: 'If you do that you're not my little boy . . .' The child should never get the impression that his parent's love is in any way conditional. As I have said, the fact that he is loved and wanted is something that it should never occur to him to doubt.

It does far less harm to spank a child than to tell him you do not love him any more. I am not exactly advocating spanking; but I am sure that the horror some people feel at the idea of it is unrealistic. I am sure that a child is fundamentally confident that Mummy and Daddy love him; an occasional spanking will do him no harm; and as a harassed parent once said to me, it may do a world of good to the spanker! Much more real harm can be done to children by a few high-minded and over-anxious parents, who would recoil from the idea of spanking but who sometimes inflict mental punishment that is a good deal more severe, by taking up a grieved, heartbroken attitude if the child behaves badly; by using phrases like 'I'm ashamed of you', 'I'm disappointed in you', and so on. These things should never be said to a child. They are not as bad as 'I don't love you', but they have the same sort of effect—they weaken his sense of security.

That does not mean that we should never make clear to a child that we take a poor view of something he has done. But—this is the important point—*condemn the act but not the child himself*. If he does something naughty—say, takes all his brother's sweets as well as his own—the line to take is: 'that was a selfish thing to do—it's not a bit like you to do that', rather than to say: 'Well, you are a selfish greedy little boy'. It may not sound all that different, but there is a world of difference in the implications for the child.

What Is the Ultimate Sanction?

My time is running short; and the religious listener has perhaps been getting more and more restive. 'This is all very well', he might perhaps say, 'but it has left out the one thing that's fundamental. What is the ultimate sanction of all this moral training? What answer could you make if the child were to ask, "Why should I consider others? Why shouldn't I be completely selfish?" What possible answer is there, except the religious one—because it is God's will?'

Why should I consider others? These ultimate moral questions, like all ultimate questions, can be desperately difficult to answer, as every philosophy student knows. Myself, I think the only possible answer to this question is the humanist one—because we are naturally social beings; we live in communities; and life in any community, from the family outwards, is much happier, and fuller, and richer if the members are friendly and co-operative than if they are hostile and resentful. But the religious listener may feel that this is simply evading the point. So may I say in conclusion that the answer he would propose is not really any more satisfactory? His answer to the question 'Why should I consider others?' is 'Because it is God's will'. But the sceptic could always answer: 'Why should I do God's will? Why shouldn't I please myself?'—and that, surely, is just as much of a poser as: 'Why should I consider others?'

In fact, it is a good deal more of a poser, in view of some of the things that the believer must suppose God to have willed. But we need not go into all that again, for in any case this question of ultimate sanctions is largely theoretical. I have never yet met the child—and I have met very few adults—to whom it has ever occurred to raise the question: 'Why should I consider others?' Most people are prepared to accept as a completely self-evident moral axiom that we must not be completely selfish, and if we base our moral training on that we shall, I suggest, be building on firm enough foundations.—*Home Service*

The Novel and the Reader—II

The Novel as Exploration

By GRAHAM HOUGH

I SAID in my first talk* that with the great popular novelists of the past the judgement of the author and the judgement of the common reader was generally pretty much the same. The writers had much the same opinions and feelings about things as their public. In the last eighty years or so a new situation has arisen, and some of the most interesting novelists are approaching their job in a different way; and that is what I want to look into here.

New and Exciting Tasks

In the first place a great many of them do not start with the comfortable feeling that they share with their readers a large body of sentiments and opinions. They feel either that there is a large body of received ideas—and they do not agree with it; or they feel that there is no such set of ideas and that they have to find a new one. So that in one way or another the old functions of the novel as entertainment tend to drop into the background. It is not that they are completely forgotten—they are always more or less there—but that they are taken for granted, and the new tasks that the novelists have imposed on themselves seem more pressing and more exciting.

Let me begin by quoting from D. H. Lawrence, who as well as writing novels had strong views on what the novel was for:

It is the way our sympathy flows and recoils that really determines our lives. And here lies the vast importance of the novel, properly handled. It can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness and it can lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead.

The thing to notice here is that according to Lawrence the novel is to lead our sympathies, not to follow the sympathies in the direction that they are already accustomed to. And the novelist who is doing this is going to have a different relation to his public from the great popular novelists of the past. We generally find that the novelist-explorers, though they have their enthusiastic disciples, instead of basking in the comfortable warmth of general public admiration, at some time in their career arouse a strong reaction of dislike and suspicion—as Hardy, for instance, did a couple of generations back. When he wrote *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* the sub-title he gave to it was 'A Pure Woman'. It is Tess's tragic fate to have an illegitimate child, to kill her seducer, and to be hanged for her crime. It does not take any great effort of imagination or sympathy for us today to see Tess as Hardy wishes us to—as an innocent and suffering creature. But it did for the general reading public of 1891. Their sympathy was being led in a direction to which they were unaccustomed, which they did not want it to take. Hardy in consequence became the object of a storm of protest and abuse.

Following Unexpressed Opinion

It is not in the least that the theme was new to the novel: on the contrary, it is almost one of the stock situations of Victorian fiction. The story of Hetty Sorrel in George Eliot's *Adam Bede* is very similar. But George Eliot, in spite of her reputation as a bold moralist, does not on this occasion go beyond the conventional Victorian judgement: she implies that Hetty suffers rightly for her sins. Hardy is implying exactly the reverse; and if we judge these situations more charitably than the nineteenth century did it is at least partly because Hardy has led the sympathy of his readers into a new channel. In spite of the protests, Hardy carried a great many of his readers with him, even on the book's first appearance; and in the preface to the fifth edition he says something about this. He says that what he has done in *Tess* is to follow the lines of tacit, unexpressed opinion instead of the generally admitted formulas of society.

What the novelist as explorer is doing, then, is to discover the undercurrents of feeling that are really present in his time but have not yet come to the surface, are not yet generally noticed and discussed; he brings them into the open, and so, if he is lucky and honest, does something to make the stream of life flow more freely. It is always

hard to say whether a novelist has actually caused a change in the way people think and feel. Probably he has not—literary people always exaggerate the influence of books, but they do have some influence; and what they do is to clear the way for things that are beginning to happen for other reasons, make it just a little more possible for new ideas and feelings to grow. The new ideas may be wrong, may be much worse than the old ones, or may be old ones reappearing in disguise: the point is that unless there is some stir and movement and growth in the world of ideas and feelings, we are liable to get bogged down in a morass of received opinions that begin to stink just because they have stagnated so long.

In Hardy's case the ideas were pretty well thought out and formulated beforehand, and one sometimes feels that the stories were rather too neatly cut to illustrate the ideas. But with another of the great explorers of our time, D. H. Lawrence, things work differently. He said himself that the novels and stories came unwatched out of his pen, and the other books he wrote to expound his view of life were a conscious tidying up of ideas that had come spontaneously in the course of writing his fiction. So Lawrence is like the legendary old lady, reproached for speaking without due consideration, who replied 'But how can I tell what I think till I see what I say?' He is going one step farther than Hardy because he is actually using his novels as a means of finding out what is in the back of his own mind. *Sons and Lovers*, which some people think his greatest book, is about a variety of things: about life in a mining village, about the class system, about the process of self-education; but mainly about a boy's efforts to escape from the exclusive love of his mother to the love of another girl.

Resolution of a Personal Problem

When he was writing the book Lawrence knew what his theme was, but he did not know how he wanted to treat it, or even how he wanted it to come out in the end. He re-wrote most of the book several times; in fact if you follow the process of creating this novel you can see Lawrence painfully and laboriously working out his ideas on a subject that happened to be worrying him intensely at the time. When it was finished he wrote an account of it to a friend that is so lucid, clear-cut, and precise, that it might almost have come out of a text-book of psychology. But Lawrence had not read any of the text-books on psychology at this time; he had worked the whole question out for himself, and his way of working it out was to write a novel about it.

I said that when a novelist is working in this way a great many of the old functions of the novel as entertainment tend to slip into the background; and others take their place. How does this happen? First, the explorer-novelist is not primarily concerned with telling a story that shall be interesting for its own sake; he is concerned with some mysterious or difficult aspect of human life, and is trying to work it out by means of a story and imaginary characters. But a good deal that he writes will not directly advance his story; it will not tell you what happens next, or introduce a new character; it will be concerned with the underlying problem, and will tell you something of how the author feels about it. In Hardy's case the fundamental question is often the whole position of man in a vast universe that seems to care nothing for him and his affairs. His novel *Far From the Madding Crowd* begins in the ordinary way, with a description of the principal character, who is a farmer, Gabriel Oak. It then goes on naturally to a description of his work: he is going out on a cold winter's night to attend to the lambs on the hillside. The scenery is described—the half-wooded, half-naked hill, the thin grass, the moaning of the wind in the trees. You then begin to notice that it is not being described quite as Gabriel Oak sees it.

The North Star was directly in the wind's eye, and since evening the Bear had swung round it outwardly to the east, till he was now at a right angle with the meridian . . . the kingly brilliance of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star called Capella was yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgeux shone with a fiery red.

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NEWS DIARY

January 12-18

Wednesday, January 12

Chancellor of the Exchequer presides over meeting of European Finance Ministers in Paris

Iraq and Turkey agree to sign mutual defence treaty

Board of Trade announces that exports from United Kingdom in 1954 were highest on record

Thursday, January 13

Fact-finding commission set up by Organisation of American States arrives in Costa Rica

Nationalist China agrees not to attack Chinese mainland without consent of United States

President Eisenhower submits to Congress his proposals for strengthening military position of United States in peace time

Friday, January 14

Council of Organisation of American States meets in Washington to consider preliminary report from special commission in Costa Rica

Soviet Union offers to submit a report on its atomic power station to conference on atomic energy to be held later this year

Talks between Dr. Adenauer and M. Mendès-France end with agreement on Saar

Saturday, January 15

Aircraft drop food to villages isolated by heavy snowdrifts; bad weather causes many football matches to be abandoned

President of Panama is arrested for alleged complicity in assassination of his predecessor

Sunday, January 16

As a result of a resolution by the Organisation of American States Costa Rica is promised four U.S. aircraft to help repel attacks

Egyptian Government asks for meeting of Arab States to discuss proposed defence treaty between Iraq and Turkey

Floods follow thaw in many parts of England

Monday, January 17

Floods cause damage and dislocation throughout Europe

President Eisenhower sends proposed Budget to U.S. Congress

Kenya Government offers new surrender terms to Mau Mau

Tuesday, January 18

Chinese communist force reported to have landed on a Nationalist-held island 200 miles north of Formosa

N.U.R. accepts pay increases for over 250,000 workers offered by Transport Commission

Rhine rises to highest level for sixty years



Clearing frozen snow from railway points at Tubs Hill Station, Sevenoaks, Kent, last week-end when heavy snow followed by a hard frost caused some of the worst dislocation of transport since the winter of 1947



President Tito of Yugoslavia, who has been making a tour of India and Burma, photographed in Rangoon last week when he visited the Shwedagon Pagoda. With him are Dr. Ba U, the Burmese President (right) and U Win, Minister for Religious Affairs

Right: Mr. Norman Manley, whose People's National Party (Socialist) won the general election in Jamaica last week. Mr. Manley succeeds Mr. Bustamante whose right-wing Labour Party has been in power for the past ten years





night-time view of Parliament Square, London, blanketed in snow last week. In northern and western counties blizzards and drifts cut off villages and blocked roads for several days; in some cases helicopters were used to drop supplies. Left: at the London Zoo two marabou storks from tropical Africa turn their backs on the weather



Mr. Attlee being presented last week in Berlin by Dr. Walter Reuther, the Mayor of the western sector, with a porcelain replica of the 'Freedom Bell' given to the people of west Berlin by the United States. Mr. Attlee was in Berlin to give the first of the Ernst Reuter memorial lectures at the Free University



M. Mendès-France, the French Prime Minister (centre), photographed with Signor Mario Scelba, the Italian Prime Minister (right), and Signor Gaetano Martino, the Italian Foreign Minister, at the end of their talks in Rome last week. It was the first official visit of a French Prime Minister to Rome since the war



Torrential rains recently flooded the town of Kena in Upper Egypt, leaving more than 5,000 people homeless. Inhabitants are seen searching for belongings in the wreckage of their houses, about 500 of which were swept away by the waters

Right: 'The Lesson' by Dulal Mondol, a thirteen-year-old Indian boy: this is one of 500 paintings by children of India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, which are on exhibition at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, until February 10



(continued from page 111)

Gabriel Oak knows nothing about Aldebaran and meridians and so forth, and his story has nothing to do with astronomy. He is still less capable of making the reflections that occur in the following paragraph:

To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that a hill affords, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the highest form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of night . . . and long and quietly watch your steady progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre it is hard to get back to earth, and to believe that the consciousness of such majestic speeding is derived from a tiny human frame.

No, this passage is not here to tell us anything about Gabriel Oak, or to help us to get on with the story; it is here to show us the vast, powerful machinery of the universe against which Hardy sees his human characters as tiny and insignificant specks. Yet these infinitely small and feeble creatures have a consciousness that can in some measure apprehend the enormous whole. This is Hardy's problem, and to get this into the framework of a novel is something outside the range of the novelist as entertainer.

'Women in Love'

The same sort of thing is likely to happen with the incidents, too. In the exploratory novel it is often hard to say just what the story, in the simple sense of the word, really is. Let us take another novel of Lawrence's, *Women in Love*. This is a queerer book than *Sons and Lovers*, and much less like the ordinary conventional novel. It is one of a pair of books about marriage—the other one is *The Rainbow*. *The Rainbow* comes first, and it is mostly about marriage in a setting of traditional country life; *Women in Love* is about the conditions in which a perfect marriage is possible for rather difficult and demanding people in the modern world. You will agree, I imagine, that this is a subject that needs investigation: it seems to have been on everyone's mind for the past twenty or thirty years. Lawrence's way of dealing with it is to take the story of two couples, with one of whom things go right, with the other of whom they go wrong. I have tried before now to give an account of the book in those terms—as the story of two couples. And it is all true as far as it goes, but you find at the end that about half the book has been left out. Many of the most striking and memorable incidents in the book have no direct bearing on the story of these four people; they seem to work in another way. Let me illustrate what I mean. The two chief characters, Birkin and Ursula, who are ultimately to marry happily, throughout most of the book are trying to work out their relationship. Birkin wants something more than love, but Ursula thinks that love would do her very nicely, and suspects that the 'something more' that Birkin is after is really dominance, power. One day she is having tea with Birkin, and they suddenly see Birkin's cat Mino dart out of the window and down the garden path.

The young cat trotted lordly down the path, waving his tail. He was an ordinary tabby with white paws, a slender young gentleman. A crouching, fluffy, brownish-grey cat was stealing up the side of the fence. Mino walked stately up to her, with manly nonchalance. She crouched before him and pressed herself on the ground in humility, a fluffy soft outcast, looking up at him with wild eyes that were green and lovely as jewels. He looked casually down on her. So she crept a few inches further, proceeding on her way to the back door, crouching in a wonderful, soft, self-obliterating manner, and moving like a shadow.

'She is a wild cat', said Birkin. 'She has come in from the woods'. In a lovely springing leap, like a wind, Mino was upon her, and had boxed her twice, very definitely, with a white, delicate fist. She sank and slid back, unquestioning. He walked after her, and cuffed her once or twice, leisurely, with sudden little blows of his magic white paws.

'Now why does he do that?' cried Ursula in indignation.

'They are on intimate terms', said Birkin.

'And is that why he hits her?'

'Yes', laughed Birkin. 'I think he wants to make it quite obvious to her'.

'Isn't it horrid of him!' she cried; and going out into the garden she called to Mino: 'Stop it, don't bully. Stop hitting her'.

The stray cat vanished like a swift, invisible shadow. Mino glanced at Ursula, then looked from her disdainfully to his master.

'Are you a bully, Mino?' Birkin asked.

The young slim cat looked at him, and slowly narrowed its eyes.

Then it glanced away at the landscape, looking into the distance as if completely oblivious of the two human beings.

'Mino', said Ursula, 'I don't like you. You are a bully like all males'.

'No', said Birkin, 'he is justified. He is not a bully. He is only insisting to the poor stray that she shall acknowledge him as a sort of fate, her own fate: because you can see she is fluffy and promiscuous as the wind. I am with him entirely. He wants superfine stability'.

'Yes, I know!' cried Ursula. 'He wants his own way—I know what your fine words work down to—bossiness, I call it, bossiness'.

Incidents That Are Part of the Pattern

Mino the cat has no influence on the fate of Birkin and Ursula—to that extent he is no part of the story—but his dealing with the fluffy little stray (though a perfect little picture in itself, a wonderful description of the manoeuvres of two cats) present an obvious parallel to the thoughts that are going on in Ursula's mind: and Ursula's impulsive, rather schoolgirlish indignation over it all, and the touch of highfalutin' affectation in Birkin's comments, throw still more light on their characters and their relation to each other. So you see that in this kind of writing all sorts of incidents that seem in themselves trivial and unrelated to the main design are actually part of the pattern that the novelist is trying to piece together.

Later on there is a much more mysterious incident, where Ursula follows Birkin through a wood at night and sees him throwing stones at the reflection of the moon in a pond, trying to drive it away; but as soon as he stops his stone-throwing it re-forms, and the moon is there again, as bright and whole as ever. This scene is strange, and very vividly described; but it is never explained. If I had to explain it I should say that the moon in poetry is always feminine, and Birkin is annoyed by this bright, complacent female image shining up at him from the water, and tries to drive it away, just as, with one part of his mind, he is trying to drive away the image of Ursula, the woman who haunts him, to whom he does not want to give way. In another place there is a still odder scene, again vividly described, where a frightened, maddened rabbit is calmed down by a man. This is not explained either, and I have never succeeded in explaining it to myself.

How far are we meant to explain these things? Is the reader really intended to worry over what these incidents mean, why they should be there, when they do not appear to contribute much to the story? My answer would be that he is not, or anyway that he is not meant to worry too much. I have to worry about these things because I earn my living by teaching literature and try to be something of a critic in my spare time; but I do not think that novels were written to be expounded in this way. We are meant to feel the force and vividness of these scenes, simply in themselves and for their own sake; and then, in a half-conscious kind of way, to feel that they do something to illuminate characters, or to reveal another little aspect of the question that lies behind the whole book. We are not meant to give, as it were, examination answers on exactly what they signify. Often in imaginative writing things make their most powerful effect on us when we have not clearly explained them to ourselves.

An Element of Mystery

Am I implying that we must expect to be puzzled, to be faintly bewildered, by a good deal of what we read? I think I am. In the novel as entertainment we expect the story to be clear, and the characters to be such as we can immediately understand. The novel of exploration is by definition trying to make you see something that you did not see before, or even to work out something that the writer himself does not see clearly till he has finished, so we can hardly expect to see the whole thing clearly at once. We may hope that we can feel a book rightly, and leave our feelings as open and receptive as possible; but the reader is under no obligation to analyse his reactions and explain them to other people, unless he happens to have the impulse to do so. As we feel our way into a book more thoroughly the sensation of bewilderment grows less; but in much of the best imaginative literature an element of mystery always remains, and I for one am glad that this should be so.

I have no hesitation in calling Lawrence a modern novelist—he belongs distinctively to our age; but he died young and has been dead for over twenty years. If you ask who is practising the novel of exploration today, I should say nobody with Lawrence's intensity and force; but among a number of very interesting living writers I should mention especially Mr. Graham Greene. He himself has divided his books into

novels and entertainments, so we can take it that he concurs in the distinction we have been making between the two kinds of fiction. He is a superb entertainer—a master of suspense, and atmosphere, and of varied and sometimes exotic backgrounds. But in his novels proper we find that these admirable story-teller's gifts, though they are still there, are subordinated to another purpose, essentially a religious purpose.

The Power and the Glory is the story of a hunted priest, on the run during the persecution of the Church in Mexico; he suffers abominably for being faithful to his vocation; but he is also a drunkard and a fairly disreputable character in other ways, and you find as you go on that his worst suffering is the consciousness of his spiritual failure. In *Brighton Rock* Pinkie, the boundlessly corrupt young gang-leader, razor-slasher, and murderer is a Catholic, and therefore, according to Graham Greene, knows what he is doing: and he is contrasted with the commonplace, vulgar, good-hearted woman who brings about his downfall, but has really far less understanding of what it is all about. In *The Heart of the Matter* we are presented with a man who commits murder, adultery, and a number of lesser sins—all inspired, we are made to understand, by pity, by a kind of charity for his fellow-beings. In all these stories we are looking into the unutterably difficult question of the mercy of God, or the possibility of God's mercy, in cases that seem to have gone far beyond the justice or the mercy of men. No one is obliged to accept Graham Greene's solutions; but no one can help feeling his power; and in novels on these themes one must expect to find an element of mystery and obscurity.

I am not suggesting that the exploratory novel is the best kind of novel. I certainly do not think it is the primary kind, for I believe that if the novel does not survive as entertainment it will not survive at all. But the novelist-explorers are the growing points of the novel; it is in their kind of work that new developments are most likely to occur. The man who is exploring a new and difficult situation is the one who is most likely to want new ways of telling his story, new kinds of description, new ways of presenting character; so that often it is the original, difficult, and advanced writer of one age who provides the ordinary run-of-the-mill technique of the next. The art of story-

telling is not the simple affair that the reader is apt to think. It has, as a matter of fact, an enormous number of tricks and technical devices, some of which I hope to discuss next week. They are none of them very alarming—at any rate till you get to James Joyce, and when you get to James Joyce, in my view you are getting outside the novel altogether—but we are all apt to put up a strong resistance to any unfamiliar ways of story-telling. This probably dates from nursery days; anyone who tells stories to children knows how cross they are if the thing is not done in the traditional fashion. And from this fact a split begins to develop in the ranks of novel readers.

There are, in the first place, the unadventurous who want to continue to be entertained in the ways that they are already accustomed to; if at the beginning of a book they find it hard to discover who the characters are or what they are supposed to think about them, they become impatient and abandon the thing at once. On the other hand, we have the inquisitive, who want something new, who, if they open a book with a flavour that is strange to them, are immediately impelled to go on. Both kinds of readers must exist. Without the unadventurous there would be no stability of judgement, no continuing tradition of novel-writing, and it would be extremely hard for many good writers to get going at all. For many very good novelists need to feel the support of settled tastes and habits behind them. But if the unadventurous had it their own way, novels would still begin like this:

It was towards the evening of a gloomy November day in the year 1728 that two solitary horsemen might have been observed wending their way across Salisbury Plain (or Clapham Common, or what have you). The elder of the two was a swarthy man of about forty-five years of age, with strongly marked features, while his companion . . .

And so on; you know the sort of thing. This was the respectable way of beginning a novel at one time; and very nice, too. But I think you will agree that we should have lost something if narrative methods had not speeded up somewhat since then.

We began this talk by thinking mainly about the novelist's material, and now we seem to have shifted to his methods; and that is as it should be; it is new material that gives rise to new methods, and it is at this point that I want to begin my third talk.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Morals without Religion

Sir,—Much of what Mrs. Margaret Knight says in her talk printed in THE LISTENER of January 13 is helpful. But she must not call her humanism 'scientific' when she so blatantly dodges facts. She quotes from the 1611 version of the Bible 'Take no thought for the morrow'. Today this utterly misrepresents the Greek *merimnao* (be anxious). In 1611 'take thought' denoted anxiety (see *O.E.D.* 'Thought: 5'). Now it does not. The 1881 revisers marked the change by substituting 'Be not anxious'. Either Margaret Knight knew this when she quoted 'Take no thought for the morrow,' as a 'religious statement'—in which case, we may ask, where is her 'scientific' spirit?—or she did not know it—in which case, what is her standing as a critic of Christianity?

Her Kierkegaard reference also fits oddly into a 'scientific' claim. 'There is', she says, 'not much attempt today to defend Christian dogma by argument. The fashionable attitude among orthodox believers is a defiant anti-intellectualism'. A scientific thinker will hardly generalise thus without being able to quote from orthodox believers of today and of this land. Margaret Knight quotes only a Dane who died in 1855. From him she quotes without context one metaphorical phrase with (once more) no warning to her avowedly middle-brow audience of the dangers attendant on translation. When she says 'popular Christian apologists are men like Kierkegaard', she will not expect the statement to be received as 'scientific'.

'There is not much attempt today to defend Christian dogma by argument'—we are given no account of any research justifying this statement. It is hard to believe Mrs. Knight sought without result in any university town. I myself, as a parish priest in Kingston from 1934 to 1952, spent hundreds of hours on hundreds of occasions in the crowded market inviting questions on religion from all comers, including any Knights who might be about. There is plenty of such activity for any who care to seek it. Such invitations produce regular discussions of the problem of evil and show how wrong Mrs. Knight is in alleging that there is 'no possible answer' to the dilemma she quotes.

Mrs. Knight says, 'In my next talk I hope to be more constructive'. We may hope she will also be less unscientific.—Yours, etc.,

Woodford Green

T. B. SCRUTTON

Sir,—It would be a pity if the torrent of hysterical criticism directed at Mrs. Knight should cause the B.B.C. to regret broadcasting her forthright and heartening talks.

As an ordinary housewife and mother of two young children, I have held precisely her views for so long that to me they seem almost axiomatic. And yet mine was no pagan upbringing. I was educated at two convents, a secondary school and a school of art. While not regretting any part of this, I would like to save my own children the feelings of anxiety—almost of guilt—which are bound to assail a thoughtful youngster who finds himself unable to accept

doctrines held without question by his elders and, presumably, his betters. I remember my own distress of mind in having to reject my childhood beliefs one by one as they became, for me at any rate, untenable.

As an artist I agree wholeheartedly with her equal and impartial reverence for Chartres and the Parthenon, and I deny that the absence of conventional religion affects the urge of the true artist to produce what to him seems beautiful and vital.

The *Daily Mail* comments that 'if her ideas held sway our society and morality would quickly disintegrate'. This, unhappily, I believe to be true, not because Mrs. Knight's outlook is at fault, but because morality without religion requires a degree of personal integrity that is very rare. Blind faith is a far easier recipe for tolerable behaviour.

This may be a woman without a religion, but she shows courage, honesty and tolerance that are too often lacking in the faithful.

Yours, etc.,

M. P. SMITH

Alverstoke

Sir,—Mrs. Margaret Knight has done what so many do when presenting arguments against that which they themselves disbelieve—she has raised an effigy of her own thinking and then torn it to shreds by her own reasoning. She states that religion discourages the use of reason or of the intellect and quotes an apologist as saying, 'Christianity demands the crucifixion of the intellect'. Kierkegaard, in that statement,

denied the faith he was supposed to be defending, for in the blue print of religion we read, 'Come and let us reason together'. and '... be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you'. We are invited to, '... prove me herewith', and this is not merely in some ethical matter but in the hard facts of economics.

I have taught children for ten years but I have never been embarrassed by the unreasonableness of religion as I have by the so-called scientific hypotheses (suppositions) that are so often presented in children's books as facts. There is in religion that which is beyond my understanding so giving my mind scope to expand. It seems that religion is between two fires—the fiery scorn of the arts student who accuses it of tying life into neat little bundles which are then presented as a *fait accompli*, and the ardent indignation of the scientist who rails at religion for not having its teachings neatly filed in proven and not proven categories. My plea for religion (I do not confine myself by the use of the word 'orthodox') is that it allows for the infinite expansion of the intellect, particularly the reasoning powers, as has been proved during the last 6,000 years. Those who think it does not are those who have not studied it, true religion, scientifically, whatever else they may have studied.

Wirksworth

A. E. NOLAN

Sir,—But why morals at all? Why goodness, love, courage, or any of the virtues Margaret Knight mentions? Is there any meaning in, any need for, a moral world? There have been innumerable attempts to explain the origin of evil: perhaps Mrs. Margaret Knight will now explain the origin of goodness. If all these concepts are merely ideas, whence the ideas? Whence, in fact, man, and the universe? Old, familiar questions, which no doubt the scientific humanists can answer at last—to their own satisfaction.

One word more: true religion (the religion known to the mystics) is not a 'system of beliefs', but belongs precisely to the same category as art, music, poetry, etc. (hence Kierkegaard's apparently absurd remark about 'the crucifixion of the intellect'. Art does not derive from the intellect, but has its source in the same 'dimension' as pure religion). Mrs. Knight's talk therefore is based on a fundamental misconception (actually one of many) and is on that count alone invalid.—Yours, etc.,

Barnt Green

DALLAS KENMARE

Sir,—'Scientific Humanism ... is ... scientific in that it does not regard it as a virtue to believe without evidence; scientific in that it deals with hypotheses ... that are constantly tested and revised in the light of new facts'. A Christian also on the evidence of others builds a hypothesis which he tests in the light of the new facts of his own life. But Mrs. Knight would object, I suppose, that the evidence is incomplete and does not convince everybody.

The humanist's hypotheses are also based on incomplete evidence, otherwise they would not need further test and revision. They also do not convince everyone.

This is no discredit to either. All scientists trust uncertain hypotheses and act on them, risking danger from new facts. The Kon-Tiki anthropologists were warned by fellow scientists that the evidence for their hypothesis was inadequate and that there was some evidence against it. They themselves judged that the evidence was strong enough to make it their duty to science to test it by trusting their lives to their raft and to the hypothetical current. This conduct was scientific, not superstitious.

Plato, the Father of Hypotheses, 'would have him take the best and most irrefragable of human hypotheses, and let this be the raft on which

he sails through life—not without risk, as I admit, if he cannot find some word of God which will more surely and safely carry him'. ('Phaedo', 85, 101, 107.)

The Apostles revised their hypotheses in the light of the new fact that their lives and characters had been changed, as anyone could see, by the risen Jesus, as they affirmed. Later Christians trusted the incomplete and conceivably untrue evidence of the Apostles and took the risk of acting on the hypothesis that Jesus is God. A new fact, the coming into their souls of the Holy Spirit, confirmed their faith in the hypothesis, and no new fact has yet convinced them that revision is necessary. But they cannot offer a certain guarantee to others. Others must in turn commit themselves first to gain certainty afterwards. This is scientific behaviour. If it were not scientific, then it would also not be scientific for a test pilot to fly a new 'plane for the first time. He trusts the designer and craftsman, but there is no certainty. It *might* crash.

But why bother? Well, I would like to have been a test pilot or on Kon-Tiki and to bet on the nobler hypothesis, but I suppose that the real reason is that we love Him because He first loved us.—Yours, etc.,

Sutton

F. W. ALLEN

Sir,—In THE LISTENER for January 13 a letter appeared above the name of N. E. Bedow. His letter is dangerous: from false scents like his such things as 'witch-hunts' are started into being. Dogmas are (roughly speaking) formulations of ends and means, which *cannot* be infringed by followers of them; they *cannot* even be questioned, for if either of these things happened the balloon would be pricked. In the very words 'scientific humanism' it is clear that this notion could *never* (*ex hypothesi*) even become a dogma: the findings of scientists do not lead to certainty of the dogmatic kind (*i.e.*, 'infallibility'). Scientific discoveries lead only to probabilities like the Third Programme or a Ford 'Consul'.—Yours, etc.,

Nottingham

G. E. TWELLS

[We are sorry that we have space only for a few of the many letters we have received on this subject.
EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Man's Peril from the Hydrogen Bomb

Sir,—As Mr. Lionel Curtis, in his letter to you, says, a public service has been done by Bertrand Russell's broadcast on the hydrogen bomb and its publication in your pages (THE LISTENER, December 30). The candid and stimulating views expressed by Mr. Tuke, the Chairman of Barclays Bank, as long ago as January 1953, and recorded in the pamphlet *Evading a Revolution*, would seem so far to have escaped the attention of the public as a whole; together with certain similar remarks to his stockholders this year, they should receive a wide and, indeed, a world-wide publicity.

Both Bertrand Russell and Mr. Lionel Curtis were—as I happen also to have been—among over 200 signatories from nine of the North Atlantic countries to a Declaration on Atlantic Unity published towards the end of last year. On December 16, 1954, an international deputation representing the signatories, formally presented this document at Paris to the Chairman of the North Atlantic Council, and it is now being forwarded to the fourteen Nato governments. The proposals contained in it, briefly, were:

(1) The co-ordination of political, trade and defence policies; (2) The elaboration of some mutual programme for lowering tariffs, freeing currencies and eliminating trade restrictions as an adequate economic basis for the Atlantic Community and associated nations; (3) The establishment of parliamentary groups in member countries; (4) The creation of an Advisory

Atlantic Assembly which would meet periodically and to which could be invited *observers from associated states*; (5) The establishment of an Economic Advisory Council representing employers and employees, which could advise the North Atlantic Council on the effect of its policies on the standard of living in member countries.

We of the Free Nations have yet to devise institutions which can meet the challenge of our times in all respects. As Mr. Stephanopoulos, the Foreign Minister of Greece and Chairman of the North Atlantic Council, said when receiving the deputation:

Even if the military plans drawn up behind the Iron Curtain had changed—and we have no reason to think so, quite the contrary—we would still be faced with the economic, social and ideological rivalry of the Soviets. ... In our democracies, public opinion must be brought to understand and encourage the growth of Atlantic Unity and this must necessarily be a gradual evolution, for highly honourable interests and feelings have to be won over.

It is the responsibility of us all to see that the institutions necessary to effect this unity are devised. So far, we have only developed the *military* aspects of the North Atlantic Treaty. Yet Article Two of the Treaty expressly provides for co-operation in more peaceful fields. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who speaks from a wealth of experience as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, has been almost a lone voice in crying out for greater unity, particularly in the development of a co-ordinated foreign policy.

Some reasoned and considered merger of sovereignty by the Free Nations within a wider unity is absolutely vital to our survival. Recent generations have, as we know, made experiments in this direction. Outdated conceptions of national sovereignty are among the foremost obstacles to a real World Law and Order.

There are many to whom the development of Nato in its civilian aspects commends itself as a practical contribution, as providing one of the steps towards mankind's real aim of true International Law, and who see in the gradual but determined development of an Atlantic Community one of the best hopes for the peace and development of all our fellow mortals.

Yours, etc.,

House of Commons

CLEMENT DAVIES

Sir,—I am surprised at Mr. Lionel Curtis misquoting (THE LISTENER, January 3) 'Peace on earth to men of good will', and changing this potent statement into the sentimentalism 'Peace on earth and goodwill toward men'.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

FRANCIS LEACH

Is German Unity Desirable?

Sir,—May I draw your attention to an apparent logical contradiction in Mr. William Pickles' talk on German reunification (THE LISTENER, January 13). The speaker assures us—and I wholly agree with him on this point—that the 1953 revolts in eastern Germany have clearly shown to the whole world that the east Germans do not want communism and that 'the overwhelming majority would vote against it, if ever they were released from the grip of the Russians'. That, however, does not prevent him from expressing in the same talk the opinion that in the end Germany might be divided into a communist east and a democratic west Germany: 'The loyal east Germans will be able to stay (!) loyal to communism and the loyal west Germans to be loyal also to democracy'. He even thinks it a relatively favourable solution and comes to the astonishing conclusion that even the Germans themselves might feel happy about it. Does the speaker think what ten years of communism in east Germany did not bring

about another ten years will achieve? There is not the slightest sight of it at the moment. Communism has no chance in Germany and I am certain that this is the opinion of the overwhelming majority of my east and west German countrymen.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

K. J. UTHMANN

'Young Hitler'

Sir,—In reviewing *Young Hitler*, by August Kubizek (THE LISTENER, January 13), you remark: 'Linz, for example, was a provincial town unworthy of its past; he promptly rebuilt it in his imagination, on a monumental scale'. Again, 'within a few months' of his arrival, Vienna was completely rebuilt'.

Merely as a footnote to history I would record that the Führer's architectural affluence would appear to have persisted unto death. When I visited the Führerbunker—his command post in the Reich Chancellery—all the underground apartments had been thoroughly looted; but in an unnoticed cupboard in his bedroom I discovered what may well have been his last reading on earth—a set of German architectural magazines.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

JOHN NORTH

The Church and the Artist

Sir,—While agreeing with the general conclusions of Dr. Bell in his talk on 'The Church and the Artist' (THE LISTENER, January 13), there are two points in the course of his arguments with which I disagree.

He said that we ought to 'reaccustom modern art to religion'. But has the work of all artists today really become totally estranged from religion and from the Church? Dr. Bell has surely overlooked the religious subjects that have figured in the works of such artists as Graham Sutherland himself, and Henry Moore, Jacob Epstein, Stanley Spencer, Wyndham Lewis, Edward Burra, Tristram Hillier, and Roy de Maistre, to mention only a few of the artists in this country alone whose work has shown that spiritual, Christian concepts have found their embodiment in both Church and artist alike in this materialistic twentieth century.

As an example of a period when there was a close link between the Church's and the artist's attachment to the spiritual side of man's existence, Dr. Bell cited the great period of Italian art from Giotto to Michelangelo. This was, however, a period of worldliness, when man lived in the present, when religion came to be regarded only as an aid to man's egotism and excellence. Everything, including religion, was subjected to the idea of the dignity of man. What, for example, did Masaccio care for the spiritual implications of the expulsion of Adam and Eve when he painted it in the Carmine Church in Florence? If there was a period when art needed to be 'reaccustomed' to religion it was surely the Italian Renaissance. It is, however, this very period that Dr. Bell cited as an example of the spiritual attachment between the artist and the Church!—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

DAVID G. IRWIN

Sir,—As an artist who sometimes tackles religious subjects I was interested in the Bishop of Chichester's talk, and was not disappointed but wondered why there was no reference to those 'children's corners'.

Why are cards and prints, made for the edification of children, still so often nauseatingly sentimental? The children whom I know have not really that sort of taste. When they become grown they may turn against the faith of their tender years if the Persons in the Christian story are associated with types that they would call 'soppy dates'.—Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

CHRISTOPHER PERKINS

'Ode to Gaea'

Sir,—'Was Gaea, after all, the daughter of Chaos?' asks your correspondent, Mr. Henry Birkhead. Hesiod was an ingenious but hardly a sophisticated writer. What he says (*Theog.* 116 ff.) is: 'The very first of all there came into being a gaping Void (Chaos); next Earth (Gaea), Hell (Tartarus) . . . and Love (Eros)'. If anything, the Greek suggests that Chaos and Gaea shared a common source, not that the latter was derived from the former.

To borrow a phrase from Professor T. A. Sinclair, 'creation [for Hesiod] means procreation'. No *primal* creator is named, but Hesiod makes a start with Chaos and Gaea, united by Eros, and so derives the gods. Etymology and later speculations are equally irrelevant, nor do cross-references within the Hesiodic corpus help. Gaea is part of the primeval world of Hesiod's imagining—that is all. In cult she preceded Apollo at Delphi: she is the mother of all, vast, ancient, of unknowable origin.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 16

W. P. McKECHNIE

The Gallic Scene Today

Sir,—Was Miss Nott's introduction of D. H. Lawrence into her interesting talk on 'German Influence on Modern French Thought' (THE LISTENER, January 13) altogether apt? Even if it were possible to agree that 'in the later works of D. H. Lawrence the characters . . . are not full imaginative creations springing from what has been assimilated by the artist's total sensibility' (and despite the occasional lapses that Lawrence, as an immensely adventurous artist, was always within distance of, there are a host of brilliant things dating from his last years to belie Miss Nott's assertion) it is surely inadequate to bridge the gulf between Lawrence and Sartre with an analogy that leaves readers to infer that the causes of their (as Miss Nott holds) similar inadequacies were also similar. For Lawrence was extremely conscious of the dangers of the excessively subjective attitude which Miss Nott so convincingly discovers to be the philosophic root of Sartre's too schematised characters—extremely conscious that such an attitude endangered full creative vitality. Lawrence's short essay, *Surgery for the Novel—or a Bomb*, indeed contains an analysis of the modern novel (1923) in terms very similar to Miss Nott's of Sartre. Sartre's 'closely studied ego' brings from Miss Nott the comment, 'To concentrate on one's own existence, if by that one means the most subjective aspects of one's experience, in the end means to exclude the reality of external or given experience'. Similarly Lawrence, finding in the modern novel 'self-consciousness picked into such fine bits that most of them are invisible, and you have to go by the smell', comments, 'It really is childish, after a certain age, to be absorbedly self-conscious . . . if we are going it strong at thirty-seven, then it is a sign of arrested development, nothing else'.

Even the further development that Miss Nott finds—'Sartre's closely studied ego becomes transcendent, tends, as Benda puts it, to fuse with a universal consciousness'—was one well appreciated by Lawrence: we remember his analysis of the 'cosmic consciousness' of a New England visitor as an activity of 'the ugly self-willed ego, determined that humanity and the cosmos should exist as New England allowed them to exist, or not at all'. (*Nobody Loves Me*, 1929.) 'The real and the sane relations of people with people', which Miss Nott desires, was always the focus of Lawrence's interest, and he saw how it was menaced by the 'mass mind' no less clearly than she.

Lawrence's later work is certainly no betrayal of this interest (unless perhaps parts of *The*

Plumed Serpent be held to be so). It is true that his interest in 'character' in the Bradleyan sense declines still further, as did Shakespeare's in his last plays. But this, as Shakespeare's later work—and, I believe, Lawrence's—convincingly demonstrates, does not necessarily imply any slackening of a full and comprehensive grasp of reality.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

RICHARD DRAIN

Sir,—I think that Mr. Pryce-Jones' reference to Picasso (THE LISTENER, December 30) is most misleading. Pablo Picasso who was born in Malaga is of course a Spaniard, and although he has been closely associated with and influenced by French schools of painting, his 'almost legendary vitality'—of which Mr. Pryce-Jones speaks—is of native origin.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

C. J. R. HALE

'Liberty Above All Things'

Sir,—I am obliged to Mr. Watkins for quoting (THE LISTENER, January 6) the sources of his statement that Selden 'would taunt' the Presbyterians in the Westminster Assembly, but they seem to bear out my contention rather than his. Whitelock does not mention the Presbyterians as such: does not suggest that their pocket Bibles were faulty translations or printings: and does not say that Selden 'would taunt them' but that 'he would tell them'. Even Aubrey's picturesque hunting metaphor hardly justifies the twist that Mr. Watkins gives to the story, and without that twist, it is much more creditable to Selden.

The remainder of Mr. Watkins' letter contains so many errors that I can deal with only a few of them and that in summary fashion.

(1) 'The right of excommunication', with the correlative right of restoration, is not a peculiarly 'Presbyterian doctrine'. Every body of Christians must necessarily have the power to expel unworthy or actively heretical members. The point at issue in Reformation times was whether this right should be exercised by the Church itself or by lay officials, as was, and for all that I know, may still be, done in the Church of England. The Prayer Book to this day deplores the cessation of the 'godly discipline' which existed 'in the Primitive Church' and offers the Communion as a substitute, 'until the said discipline may be restored again (which is much to be wished)'.

(2) It is not true that the Presbyterians held 'the idea that the Bible contains a comprehensive scheme, not only of individual morality and salvation, but also of social organisation'. The Westminster documents, from the opening words of the Confession of Faith onwards, carefully lay down that the function of the Bible is to make men wise unto salvation, and that for all other purposes 'the light of nature' is a sufficient guide. Hence—what Mr. Watkins declares to be impossible—the long line of eminent Presbyterian lawyers, statesmen, doctors, scholars and scientists, with the schools, libraries and other institutions necessary for their work.

(3) The Presbyterians certainly hated toleration. But toleration was understood to mean the recognition of two or more Christian bodies in the same place: that is, it meant schism. The Presbyterians, like others, were feeling their way towards a means of reconciling liberty and unity, but their efforts were cut short. The kind of toleration they dreaded was passed into law in 1689, and the Christian conscience has ever since been disturbed by the situation so created.

Mr. Watkins is an advocate of toleration. If he cannot bring himself to examine Presbyterianism sympathetically, would he not be better to leave it alone?—Yours, etc.,

Biggar

MARTIN A. SIMPSON

All a-growing . . .



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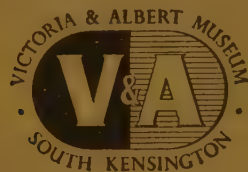
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Letters of Daniel Defoe

Edited by G. H. Healey. Oxford. 42s.

TO COLLECT AND EDIT the letters of a famous author must be one of the pleasantest tasks of literary scholarship; it can keep a man pottering profitably for years. It is a task for which American scholars have shown a remarkable aptitude, and Professor Healey of Cornell University, who has now produced the first collected edition of Defoe's correspondence, must be ranked with the best of them. He has managed to trace just over 250 letters, reports, and memoranda, and his annotation almost always tells us what we need to know. Only six of the letters are printed here for the first time, but some of those which had already appeared in print have been retrieved by Professor Healey from such unlikely places that they may almost be reckoned among his discoveries. Why so few of Defoe's letters survive it would be hard to say. We are better off with him than we are with Fielding, but if the Defoe-Harley correspondence had not been preserved among the Portland Papers we should have been left with not much more than fifty of his letters. No doubt many of his correspondents were merchants and tradesmen whose widows saw no sense in keeping a lot of old letters. The moral seems to be that if we wish our letters to reach the eyes of posterity we should make a point of corresponding with lords and gentlemen who have country houses.

This volume will be useful for any future biographer of Defoe, and still more valuable for the student of eighteenth-century history. For the general reader, thinking in terms of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Moll Flanders*, it may prove something of a disappointment. More than three-quarters of the surviving letters are addressed to one man, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, for whom Defoe was acting as a kind of secret agent, and they deal with political matters. There is little in the whole of Defoe's correspondence to suggest that he is one of the great writers of the English race; his few comments on books and authors are almost all concerned with political controversy. Swift is alluded to once, but not by name; he is 'that Gentleman', and he comes in at all only because Defoe refers to his pamphlet, *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*. Steele is mentioned several times, but always in connection with his Whig pamphleteering. There is nothing about Addison or Pope or Congreve; no coffee-house gossip. From the first surviving letter of 1703 to the last of 1730 Defoe is moving in a world of action. Within those limits, however, he is also bubbling over with ideas. One of the most remarkable pieces printed by Professor Healey is a long memorandum to Harley full of political wisdom and practical suggestion. 'Set your friends by', he advises the statesman. 'If they are such, they'll wait; but surprize your enemies, if you have any, with voluntary kindness'. And again: 'A man can never be great that is not popular, especially in England. 'Tis absolutely necessary in the very nature of our constitution, where the people have so great a share in the government'.

What does emerge very clearly from Defoe's correspondence is the naturalness and unaffectedness of the man. It may be partly a question of class, but in an age that favoured formality and restraint Defoe is unashamedly forthright and emotional. With the first letter in this volume we come upon him pleading almost desperately with the Earl of Nottingham, and assuring him

that 'Prisons, pillories, and such like . . . are worse to me than Death'. In the last letter of all he is complaining bitterly about 'the inhuman dealings of my own son, which . . . has broken my heart. . . . It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity, I can say no more; my heart is too full'. Such a passage might almost have come out of Dickens; and one is haunted in this correspondence by phrases and attitudes which, if not actually Pecksniffian, have at least the flavour of the great Dickensian exhibitionists. That Defoe had a tendency to dramatise himself becomes more and more apparent as we read his letters; but he had excellent material to work upon, and his self-dramatisation is little more than the overflow of his essential vitality. He emerges from this volume of correspondence, as from everything he wrote, confident, energetic, shrewd, practical, and indomitably alive. We are fortunate to have these letters, and lucky to be able to read them in Professor Healey's impeccable edition.

The Middle Class Vote

By John Bonham. Faber. 21s.

The hard core of Mr. Bonham's study is to be found on page 129 of his book where he publishes the detailed findings of three Gallup polls, for the 1945, 1950, and 1951 general elections, giving the percentages of each section of the middle class who voted Conservative or Labour on each occasion. Were he to encumber his book with a full title page it would run something like this: Results of Certain Inquiries into the Strength and Varieties of Middle Class Political Opinion during the Post-war General Elections, together with an attempt to Define and Analyse the Extent and Composition of the Middle Class Electorate during this Period, the whole related to Popular Usage and Abuse of the Concept of the Middle Class in Politics. If such a title were to be somewhat suggestive of a doctrinal thesis that would not be altogether surprising; Mr. Bonham's book did, in fact, have its inception in this form. To say this is not in any way to depreciate the value of his study; on the contrary its carefulness and objectivity are welcome testimony to its academic origin. But a good thesis does not always make a good book, and *The Middle Class Vote* suffers to some extent from the need to inflate and 'write up' his original findings; a learned article has been blown up into a book.

Mr. Bonham's central conclusions, none the less, are important and have not been as precisely formulated before. What are they? First, that in 1945 the middle class gave the Conservatives two votes for every one given to Labour. In 1950 the percentage was 3:1, in 1951 it was 3½:1. Does this mean that it was middle class defection that robbed Labour of office? No, because the working class swing in these years was about the same. At the same time it was along the boundary line between middle and working class that Labour suffered most. In 1945 the lower middle class voted 1.8 million Conservative, 1.4 million Labour. In 1951 it voted 2.6 million Conservative, 1.3 million Labour. The most disillusioned section of the middle class was that of the small business proprietors; they showed the biggest swing from Labour to Conservative, about 300,000 in a voting strength of 855,000. But their numbers were not sufficient to prove crucial. In one sense contemporary British politics are class politics in that the great majority of the

electorate see elections 'in terms of class competition for material satisfaction'. But this does not mean that either party is a one-class party. Conservatives attract nearly as many working class as middle class voters. Labour's working class supporters would not have been enough in 1945 or 1950 to give victory; one in five of Labour's voters in each year came from the middle class.

Mr. Bonham's findings raise as many questions as they answer. Which working class voters vote tory, and why? Is his definition of the middle class as 'not working class' valid? And have his findings a validity beyond the three elections which mark the frontiers of Britain's post-war social revolution? But to ask these questions is not to blame Mr. Bonham for not producing answers. He has, at the very least, provided a jumping-off place for further enquiry.

Collected Poems. By C. Day Lewis.

Cape. 21s.

In a brief preface Professor Day Lewis speaks of the 'buried selves' who surprise him as he re-reads the poems he has written over the past twenty-five years. These selves, who are responsible for the changes in his poetic progress, represent successive efforts to achieve a personal voice through identification with other poets. First it was the late Yeats and the early Auden. In Section 7 of *Transitional Poem*, for instance, we catch something of Yeats' rhythm and diction:

Few things can more inflame
This far too combative heart
Than the intellectual Quixotes of the age
Prattling of abstract art.

Later, in *From Feathers to Iron*, the influence of Auden is paramount:

For here alights the distinguished passenger.
Take a whole holiday in honour of this!

Throughout this period Auden's is the major influence, and the worst line in the whole collection is a tribute to him:

Look west, Wystan, lone flier, birdman, my bully
boy!

The Magnetic Mountain, though addressed to Auden, opens with a poem indicating the influence of Hopkins. Here is the second stanza:

Where's that unique one, wind and wing married,
Aloft in contact of earth and ether;
Feathery my comet, Oh too often
From heaven harried by carrion cares.

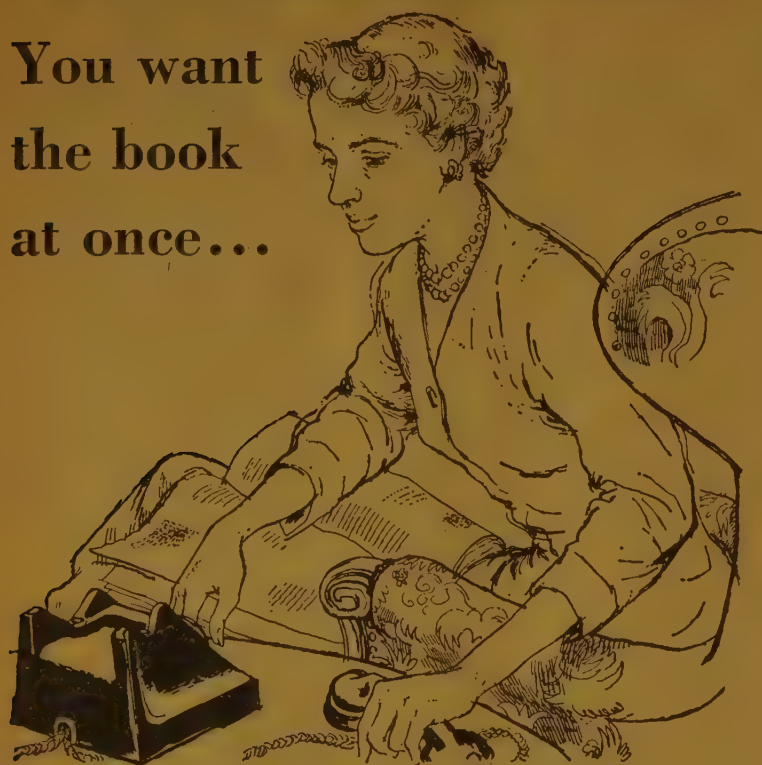
With the appearance of *Word Over All*, the influence of Auden, the self-conscious modernism of idiom, and the note of vague political meliorism have gone. The central influence is Hardy, but there are echoes of other 'quiet' poets. Here is the beginning of 'Hornpipe':

Now the peak of summer's past, the sky is over-
cast
And the love we swore would last for an age
seems deceit:
Paler is the guelder since the day we first beheld
her
In blush beside the elder drifting sweet, drifting
swamp.

And here is Edmund Blunden:

I saw the sunlit vale, and the pastoral fairy-tale,
And the sweet and bitter scent of the may drifted
by;
And never have I seen such a bright bewildering
green,
But it looked like a lie,
Like a kindly meant lie.

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Blunden probably got this rhythm from Clare's 'Remembrances', and Clare may have got it from Campbell's 'The Battle of the Baltic'.

The suggestions of Hardy in Day Lewis' later work are numerous. 'Meeting', for instance, begins:

Did I meet you again?

Did I meet you again in the flesh we have come to know,

That evening of chousing colours a week ago?

All this is more than mere evidence of a sensitive and retentive ear. It is an indication of the extreme difficulty Day Lewis has always felt in his struggle to achieve, or to discover, poetic identity. It is very much to be doubted whether he will be content to let 'An Italian Visit' be his final solution. It is possible that he has written, or at any rate published, too much. Yet of all the poets now in their middle years, he is perhaps the most representative of our eclectic age. His best is good, but somewhat lost amidst the fluency of his more showy, more decorative style. Occasionally his reason is working overtime—more often, his eye and ear. But when the two are in harmony and the latter under control, as in the sonnet from *A Time to Dance* beginning 'This man was strong', or 'Sketches for a Self-Portrait', or the love poems in *Word Over All*, the essential personal note is heard. It is one of Day Lewis' merits that he is continuously aware of his problem. He well speaks of the task of the poet as that of 'minding one's own business magnanimously'; his self-criticism is sometimes keen: in 'Self-Criticism and the Answer' he says, of his own 'careful art':

It never was possessed

By divine incontinence,

And for him whom that eygre

Sweeps not, silence were best.

It may be, however, that honest as he is in admitting the failings of his dead selves, Day Lewis is over-ready to disown them.

World Population and World Food Supplies. By Sir E. John Russell.

Hungry People and Empty Lands By S. Chandrasekhar.

Both Allen and Unwin. 50s. and 18s. respectively.

It is interesting to read these two important books in relation to each other, the first the work of the most experienced and sagacious of our soil scientists, the second that of a distinguished product of modern India. Rothamsted was the earliest and is perhaps still the greatest of the world's agricultural institutes; and Sir John Russell was its Director for more than thirty years. If Rothamsted men are to be found in every part of the habitable world, Sir John himself has visited and worked in most of its countries. In this great volume he orders all the relevant up-to-date figures of food production and consumption, imports, exports and population trends. But more than that, his descriptive pages are throughout coloured with a marked personal touch which assures the reader that he is dealing with a man who has himself handled these very soils and spoken intimately with these very cultivators and farmers.

The plan of his work is simple enough. After an adequate survey of population growths, he devotes fifty revealing pages to our own country, ranges through many of the countries of Europe, and surveys in 130 pages most of Africa. Asia has rather less space, and America and Australasia together have almost 100 pages. The U.S.S.R. and the countries of eastern Europe are omitted, because, as Sir John says, they seem to fall into a self-sufficing group and because he was not satisfied with such information as

he could obtain about them. To be precise, the work is near indispensable for reference on at least twenty countries and useful on as many other areas of the world. Let one paragraph be quoted from his chapters on British farming, both to show the quality of the narrative and to summarise the changing 'look' of our countryside:

By January 1952 the number of agricultural and horticultural tractors in England and Wales was estimated at 325 thousand, an increase of 135 thousand since 1946 and of about a quarter of a million since 1939. It was further estimated that about £60 million per annum was being spent by the farmers of England and Wales on re-equipment, much of it in machinery and implements. As a result, farm operations can now be done far more expeditiously than before. . . . This continued increase in mechanisation does not appear, however, to have increased the output per man per year beyond the peak of 1943-44; there is a tendency now to use it for reducing the hours of labour.

Professor Chandrasekhar of Baroda not only knows probably as much as any man living about the population problems of India and its neighbouring countries; he is a practical moving spirit among the propagandists of family control. His work is more than a valuable compendium of facts and figures. It is for us a startling reminder that in our own period of most rapid population increase last century we had lands beyond the seas into which the surplus could overflow, whereas India and Japan in reaching the same stage of their population growth have no such immediate outlets. 'If', says he, 'Australia's population should cease to increase appreciably in the next ten years and if the population of Japan, China and India, and South East Asia generally should continue to grow as they have grown in the past half-century, the lack of balance between area and natural resources on the one hand and the population numbers on the other will lead sooner or later to some effort, violent or non-violent, on the part of the have-nots to change the *status quo* in the Pacific and perhaps in the Americas. . . . The world, if it wants to maintain peace, must prevent the root causes of such attempts leading to war'. This seems fair comment from a scientist who is consciously speaking for more than half the world's population.

Portrait of Barrie. By Cynthia Asquith. James Barrie. 15s.

This intimate portrait of the famous dramatist by Lady Cynthia Asquith, who was his secretary and friend for twenty years, reveals a fascinating but enigmatic personality. The creator of Peter Pan was indeed an extraordinary man with his mixture of Scotch tenacity, fey genius, and unexpected generosity about money. The author of this book had exceptional opportunities for studying him, but even she has to admit that certain aspects of his complex mind eluded her. Perhaps it is this 'other-world' quality in Barrie's make-up and in his work that makes his plays less appealing to modern playgoers than those of Bernard Shaw which dealt with urgent social problems. The fact remains, however, that Barrie was a superb craftsman, and this study has several interesting chapters describing his methods of working.

Still, this portrait is mainly about Barrie as a personality, and as we read of opulent house-parties at Stanway, the country house which he refitted every year, and of how Lady Cynthia found uncashed cheques for seventeen hundred pounds lying idly in a drawer, we realise that this dramatist was fortunate in his age. How far away it all seems today! Sir James Barrie might be a shy, often melancholy figure, shut away in his flat in Adelphi Terrace, but his fame and fortune were very great. Royalties poured in

from all parts of the world enabling him to live as he liked and to be extremely generous to his friends and his adopted boys. When he wished he moved in the great world, dined with Prime Ministers and was a welcome guest at the houses of London's leading hostesses. He was fortunate in his friends too—for we read of happy times spent with Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, and T. L. Gilmour, the friend of his youth who acted as his financial adviser and sometimes as his banker. But, despite all these honours and fame, he remains, as presented in this study, a sad, withdrawn figure. We gain the impression that he was dissatisfied in some secret way. Like Walter Pater, he had a passion for men of action, soldiers, and cricketers, and this may explain some hidden frustration. The man, however, as presented by Lady Cynthia is both likeable and sympathetic.

Defeating Mau Mau

By L. S. B. Leakey. Methuen. 8s. 6d. In the Shadow of the Mau Mau

By Ione Leigh. W. H. Allen. 16s.

Both these books are written by Kenya residents. Mrs. Leigh's is described on the jacket as an eye-witness account, but is actually little concerned with her direct experience. It is such a record of the principal events of the emergency as might be compiled from newspaper files, and its main value is as a reminder of the strain to which Europeans and Africans in Kenya have been subject now for more than two years.

Dr. Leakey is interested less in the record of atrocities than in an estimate of the sources of Mau Mau strength. The movement is highly organised, with a network of local councils, courts and police, independent schools (till they were suppressed) as its propaganda arm, and an even handier weapon of propaganda in the hymns in which its cruder tenets and simpler promises are sung to the rhythms and melodies made familiar by the missions, and even to the national anthem, and so taught to illiterate supporters. Dr. Leakey recognises that it has the emotional appeal of a religion. The symbolism of its rites is far too eclectic for any simple explanation in terms of 'reversion to type'. They combine elements from the ceremonies of initiation to manhood, remembered by Kikuyu as a solemn and awe-inspiring experience, with the deliberate violation of strict taboos and with acts associated with the practice of sorcery.

The influence of Mau Mau does not rest solely on terror. Indeed, Dr. Leakey thinks this has been carried too far, and that from the time of the Lari massacre there has been a growing reaction of indignation. The movement also offers hope of relief from the frustrations which beset the entry of the Kikuyu into the modern world. Their own land is overcrowded; in the Highlands they may live as labourers but have no security. They have no say in the control of their own destiny; even the least sophisticated politically are aware of this as a fact of experience. The missions, on whom they depend for education, refuse to tolerate customs concerning sex and marriage which seem to the Kikuyu to be both right and necessary. Mau Mau offers 'the return of the stolen lands', 'self-government' and the expulsion of missionaries.

Dr. Leakey urges that the moment should be seized for a constructive policy to deal with these grievances and mobilise the growing forces of good will and disillusionment with Mau Mau methods. Like other students of Kenya he sees no remedy in a simple redistribution of land, but suggests that wages and housing should be offered which would enable families to live in the towns, and in the Highlands in villages of agricultural labourers with

security of tenure. He would extend the franchise to all the major Kenya tribes, though denying the vote to Kikuyu who had not opposed Mau Mau. He makes a courageous plea to the churches to distinguish between 'doctrines laid down by men' and 'the fundamental teachings of the New Testament', and to recognise and help the independent African churches 'provided they abide by the teachings of Christ and even if they reject some of the Church's later laws'.

Illustrated History of English Literature. Vol. 2. By. A. C. Ward. Longmans. 25s.

A Guide to English Literature: The Age of Chaucer. Edited by Boris Ford. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

It is not fanciful to feel that Mr. Ward is much more at home in this second volume (ranging from Ben Jonson to Samuel Johnson) than in the first. His judgements are firmer, his style livelier. There are fewer dull pages and none of those laborious verdicts that seem to echo the prevailing academic opinions of another age. In particular, the proportions of the book are more sound. Mr. Ward risks, of course, a great deal on every page and many of his views will be hotly disputed. That is no drawback. The book is an agreeable small map of the ground covered.

In general he is more convincing on prose than on poetry. Some of his best writing is to be found midway—on Bunyan, Dryden and Defoe (he is less good on Swift); on Book Selling and News Distribution; on Addison, Steele and essay writers in general. But what need is there to summarise the plot of a play in order to judge it? The metaphysical and devotional poets, particularly Herbert and Vaughan, are so scurvily dealt with that no neophyte will be tempted to pursue them further. The author's animadversions on Ben Jonson ('most praised but least loved . . . inadequate on the stage and in the study') and on Milton's poetry ('a more-than-human largeness of vision with a less-than-human capacity for normal feeling') may please some readers, but the newer school of Pope's admirers will not be gratified to learn that his poetry generally 'leaves life out of the reckoning and can do little with life when it is taken into account'. Mr. Ward has let slip part of his opportunity in discussing the novel: only twelve pages of no particular moment are given to the big four. Johnson is treated with some sympathy, yet our literature 'would not be seriously poorer if his writings were lost and forgotten'. Boswell begins to take his proper place, but the story of his Papers is muddled. This is, in short, a live book for the general reader. Its worth is greatly enhanced by the unusual excellence of the illustrations, chosen and annotated by Elizabeth Williams.

The Pelican book is the first instalment of a Guide to English Literature, also for the serious general reader, planned in seven volumes. It is a dumpy book of nearly five hundred pages made up of essays of varying worth by various writers on aspects of medieval literature and thought, followed by a considerable anthology of poems that omits such texts as the medieval lyrics and Chaucer himself (as already easily available) but prints, e.g., *Sir Orfeo* and *Sir Gawaine and the Grene Knight* in full, with the

forms 'normalised'. The book is no masterpiece of planning and might well have been reduced in bulk. It is difficult to know what justification there is, except publisher's convenience, for in-



Frontispiece to John Philips' *Cyder* engraved by Michael van de Gucht (1708)

From 'Illustrated History of English Literature, Vol. 2'

cluding Wyatt and Spenser in it. There is much, however, that is sound, helpful, and freshly expressed, and it is a signal victory that Chaucer is to be read in his own words and not in the false guise of translation.

Dylan Thomas. A Literary Study By Derek Stanford.

Neville Spearman. 15s.

The premature death of Dylan Thomas (such is too often the irony of things) seems to have led to a sudden increase in his public fame. This probably means that many readers who are now trying to grapple with the understanding of his difficult poetry are, to say the least of it, unpractised in dealing with the complexities of modern verse. For such, Mr. Stanford may perhaps prove a helpful guide—though it may be doubted whether he was ideally equipped for the task. He admits, frankly, that he only came to study and appreciate Thomas' poetry a few years ago. Previously he had been inclined simply to shrug it off. The greater part of the book is devoted to the interpretation of individual poems. Mr. Stanford is not afraid to admit that many of these baffle him completely, and

he falls back hopefully—and too frequently—on such phrases as 'perhaps this may mean', and so on. But this may not be altogether a bad thing. The kind of reader envisaged will feel himself, not in the company of an academic know-all, but of a good-natured and helpful companion, who to some extent shares his own puzzlement. The introductory biographical section, consisting largely of quoted reminiscences of friends who might, or might not, claim to have known Thomas well, the reader would do well to skip. There is unfortunately a Dylan Thomas myth, and Mr. Stanford contributes his own quota by invoking that popular figment of the Anglo-Saxon imagination, the 'Celtic Mind'. What is important in Dylan Thomas' poetry is the peculiar quality of the language, which is full of puns and ambiguous symbolism. To this, Mr. Sandford seems insufficiently sensitive. It is a pity that he was unable to use the work of the American critic, Mr. Elder Olson, who puts a good deal of hard work into getting under the skin of Thomas' highly individual use of words.

A Diary of the Crimea. By George Palmer Evelyn. Edited with a Preface by Cyril Falls. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

George Palmer Evelyn had already left his regiment, the Rifle Brigade, when the Crimean War broke out, and he was present at the campaign as a supernumerary, awaiting his appointment to a colonelcy in the Turkish army. His position, half soldier and half travelling gentleman, thus gave him a freedom of movement unusual even in that casual war; and this fortunate circumstance, combined with an observant eye and a command of forthright prose, make his diary a valuable document for that most depressing of campaigns.

Independence of movement coincided with independence of mind. Evelyn, after witnessing the landing at Eupatoria, the crossing of the Alma and the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman, returned to Constantinople and wrote an indictment of the conduct of the campaign savage with the bitterness of a junior officer who has helplessly watched the blunderings of

incompetent superiors. A buccaneering expedition had landed, almost entirely unprovided with cavalry or forage, hospitals or commissariat. The gallantry of the privates had won the day at the Alma over the stupidity of the generals 'who merely put their men in front of the enemy's cannon and told them to march on'. Dilatory complacency forfeited the opportunity of taking Sebastopol by *coup de main*: the fortress had to be besieged *en règle*—but in a fashion 'which appeared to spurn the trammels of the ordinary rules of attack founded on the experience of such poor mortals as Vauban, Carnot, etc.'. On the Charge of the Light Brigade he suggests that opinion in the field differed appreciably—as it usually does—from that at home: 'The Divisional General and the highly extolled and amiable Brigadier ought both to be shot'. The besieging armies, he indicates, ended the year with their morale as low as can well be imagined.

The experiences which led to these angry conclusions fill the latter half of the book. The first half describes Evelyn's adventures in the Levant in the months before the allied armies arrived, light-heartedly breaking a lance in the Russo-Turkish cavalry skirmishes on the Danube. This, apart from the *Eothen* type of

interest it holds with its descriptions of Levantine ways as they appeared to an adventurous Victorian gentleman of leisure, is a useful and unusual introduction to the campaign. It shows in particular that the Near East and Balkans were already a prey to a violent cholera epidemic, which attached itself to and decimated the allied forces when they arrived in the area, turning disorganisation into grisly chaos; and in general it is made clear how very little British standards of administrative efficiency differed at

that era from those of the Sublime Porte itself.

Nor should this surprise us. The record of the British army in this respect was not good. Fifty years had not elapsed since the debacle at Walcheren, and Florence Nightingale would have found in the Peninsula conditions far more terrible than those she encountered at Scutari. Conditions had changed little; but standards had changed much—perhaps more than during any other fifty years in the history of mankind. Hardship and inefficiency which had for cen-

turies been accepted without question now aroused storms of indignant protest—in politics, in law and in social welfare no less than in military affairs. Men were looking at life with a new eye; and its vision was that of Fenton's camera, which saw through the glittering elegance of the military prints to the drabness and squalor behind. For students of this revolution in sensibility, no less than for students of military affairs, this work will be a most useful acquisition.

New Novels

The Simple Life. By Ernst Wiechert. Peter Nevill. 15s.

The Hidden River. By Storm Jameson. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

The Mail Boat. By Alexander Randolph. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

No Man is an Island. By Donald McLean. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

I HAVE read only three novels by Ernst Wiechert—those translated into English: *The Earth is our Heritage*, *Missa Sine Nomine* and this novel, *The Simple Life*, which is much the most satisfying of the three. It is of a piece with the others: their mood of retrospect, their nostalgia for lost or dying traditions, their idyllic, Thoreau-ish feeling for the North German countryside of lakes, woods, forests and mountains. The effect is at once soothing and oppressive. Wiechert escapes into sadness. Serenity is in the offing, never achieved. He could have thought of it with Goldsmith as something that

... like the circle bounding earth and skies
Allures from afar, yet, as I follow, flies.

Almost any page will illustrate:

They went out again. It was already twilight and mist was in the air. The threshing-machine was silent, only the divers called from the water. A withered leaf fell slowly into the grass from the birch at the gable.

'Yet I love it', said the Graf softly. 'I love the autumn and my river which flows under the poplars. I love the light that shines out of my windows, and that melody from Chopin's study in double thirds which the prisoners sing on their way into exile. And I like to see a squadron riding along a road through the wood while the pennants flutter from the ends of their lances. And I love my mother when she stands at the head of the stairs and looks over the empty fields, below which her sons sleep and those of past generations—back to the time when the gods wore amber-crowns; I love it all, but with a heavy heart'.

That last sentence is almost the theme-song that emerges naturally from the chosen story. Thomas von Orla, commander of a corvette, ill-matched in marriage, returns from the war with a troubled if not broken spirit: he feels sensitively conscious of a small moral failure (as he sees it) in a moment of great crisis during the war—his failure to shoot down a mutineer. He decides to become a hermit and to remake his soul. So, we enter the silent forests and lakes where Thomas becomes a sort of fisherman-bailiff. The traditional pre-war world laps him round, and the seasons' cycle, and the joys and sorrows of the old-established aristocratic family which has for so many generations ruled these vast, watery, wooded demesnes. Wiechert winds his dew-pearled web not only with devotion but with earnestness, and as often as we begin to weary a little of the sameness of the pattern we are impressed, even filled with admiration for his myopic, absolute, all-engrossed certainty that no subject in the whole world is so important and meaningful as the weaving of this fragile skein. Reality in its grosser sense is kept at bay. Such a thing, for example, as the wireless may not be

mentioned: it is euphemistically or periphrastically spoken of as 'a mysterious apparatus', and drugs are referred to as 'the deadly syringe'. This nice-mindedness may be one of the soothing qualities of his book, but I do not think that it can serve to make the novel, as his English publisher suggests, a help and consolation to others. Wiechert lived in a very private world of his own. When he wrote he intersected the public world's circle only slightly. Indeed he barely crosses its circumference. Poor man! The public world swallowed up his gentle soul in Buchenwald. He survived it—and went back at once into his private cave, like Thomas von Orla to his Innisfree island among the tutelary woods and mountains of East Prussia. He must have been a very lovable character. He died in 1950.

Miss Storm Jameson's *The Hidden River* is set on the Loire. Captain Adam Hartley, an English intelligence-officer who had worked with the Resistance during the war, returns six years after to the Monnerie household. Madame Regnier is still there—Cousin Marie—who had been as a mother to Jean Monnerie and his young brother François ever since their parents were killed when they were both children. Her son Robert is not there: he had—as Hartley knows, having worked with him—been denounced to the Gestapo, tortured and killed, but by whom denounced nobody knows. Cousin Marie still hungers fiercely for revenge, still hates everybody who as much as touched the fingers of a German, not to speak of collaborating. Uncle Daniel suddenly arrives back from prison—he had been friendly with a German officer. Cousin Marie loathes him. Young Elizabeth Gueswiller, a very remote relation, once engaged to Robert, is also still in the house, now engaged to Jean. Uncle Daniel viciously tells Cousin Marie that young François knows something about Robert's end. Hartley is in a position to corroborate. Thereby begins a painful raking-over of the whole business of Robert's death, with Cousin Marie relentlessly demanding justice and Jean and Hartley unwillingly acquiescing. To crown all Hartley falls in love with Elizabeth. The themes proliferate: the sins against humanity that we may commit in the name of justice (Cousin Marie), love (Hartley), through weakness (François), kindness (Jean's indulgence to François as a child), pity (Elizabeth's for Jean). In the end Daniel is virtually killed by Cousin Marie, Jean executes his own brother, Hartley goes away with Elizabeth, and the heart-broken and conscience-tortured Jean abandons his home.

Melodrama hovers, and there are too many themes in whose welter the characters lose their autonomy. They become the puppets of Miss Jameson's moral fervour and emotional earnestness, talking and thinking so thematically that

once, when François is being upbraided by Jean, and groans: 'You use such big words!' we profoundly sympathise. The language of their thoughts is all too often unpersuasive. 'You fool, he said to himself, you singular fool'. 'He felt the emptiness of complete disaster'. 'My love, he thought with anguish, my only love'. Over and over again the strings are false. It is no pleasure to have to say that the sole interest I got out of reading this book was clinical—i.e., that of watching the steady, unflagging, industrious development of a beautifully typical middle-brow novel. A Book Society Choice.

I take Mr. Alexander Randolph to be an American. *The Mail Boat* is his first novel; and has been included by the publishers in a special series at a specially low price for new writers of outstanding promise. There can be no doubt about the promise. It is outstanding. Martha Baker is a young New Yorker who goes to live on an unfrequented Italian island with a writer who can fairly be described as 'difficult' and who turns out to be at least partially homosexual. The story of their relationship is told in the form of letters, some of which, by an effective device, make them both say not what they know to be the truth but what they would like to be the truth, which gives at least a suggestion of depth and complexity to their characters. As with so many American novels, and I venture to think as with many Americans, the only trouble is that their characters are not really complex at all. With Europeans, and no doubt Asiatics, one expects chambers opening out of chambers in the mind. Americans are delightfully and, often, to us, disconcertingly integral. They have doors to their bedrooms but the rest of the house is as open as a club. Is this an image of their lives and personalities? Mr. Randolph, at any rate, is preoccupied solely with neural sex-tensions, and he develops these tensions dramatically and even frighteningly. The local life of the island seems to have been carefully observed and provides a vibrant and colourful background to the nervous tragedy of his unhappy pair. This is an unusually original book both in the dexterity of its technique and the impression it conveys of an undervalued personality.

I can warmly recommend *No Man is an Island* as a simple, vivid, honest, real story about the rise of socialism in an obscure Australian mining-town some thirty years ago. It is outside literature altogether—I had almost said blessedly so: something like the sort of half-memoir that Mark Rutherford used to write, and his books have stood up well to the test of time. I should not be at all surprised if this simple book were to find its lasting niche in the same honourable category of the annals of the (now legendary) poor.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Seeing the Doctor

ALTHOUGH NOT LONG AGO a famous British politician preferred American surgery on his own person, the impression that our doctors and surgeons are pre-eminent remains unimpaired. In television terms, that superiority was manifested two or three years ago in the 'Matters of Life and Death' and 'Matters of Medicine' programmes. They were produced by Andrew Miller Jones, who in them set a standard which dignified both theme and medium. Discerning viewers could see that he had taken much trouble to present a true picture of the new applications of science to medical and surgical practice. Obviously he had submitted his statements of fact to authoritative scrutiny. The result was an impact of veracity which has as yet been comparatively rarely achieved in television documentaries.

It has not been achieved, as yet, in the new series, 'They Come By Appointment', based on stories supplied by a medical man writing under the name of George Sava. I reaffirm my conviction that the series is a mistake of policy which cannot be justified by the likelihood that few viewers are greatly concerned about British medical prestige. Like all other human institutions, our medical profession has its flaws, but it is important that it should not be exposed to the cheapening processes which tend to follow a heightened public appetite for information.

Last week's programme purported to depict what happened to an ex-air-raid warden who developed a brain abscess from an old injury to his head. This visual recapitulation of the case presented a doctor bidding for our sympathy with an unctuous smoothness likely to have had the opposite effect, a patient behaving with a deference which these days is out of this world. One felt that Peter Illing's rendering of the doctor's part typified an opportunism uncharacteristic of Harley Street even though it may have more commonly asserted itself there since the war. His doctor has an air of professional flexibility suggesting that he is not unacquainted with the art of peddling fertility tonics at a fair. We were vouchsafed no sign of the complicated tests involved in the diagnosis and prognosis of such a case or of the delicate skills with which research has endowed workers in the neurological field. The producer, Robert Barr, achieved verisimilitude of a sort, but integrity, no. I praise again the technical competence of his production. He has developed a surer touch. If his instinct had matched it, he would have consulted Andrew Miller Jones before committing himself to an enterprise calling for a greater sense of responsibility than that of merely pleasing viewers.

In commendable contrast, there was 'Life Blood', showing the work of a mobile blood-collecting unit at Bristol, part of a service which

is now an indispensable adjunct of medical experience. Squeamish viewers protested, as if their paltry feelings matter in comparison with the inspiration and consolation which the programme offered to others seeing it. A forbidding subject, it was treated with tact and authority, and the producer, Nicholas Crocker, is to be congratulated on his management of it. He would be the first to agree, I hope, that Max Robertson was ideally cast in the role of commentator, keeping us informed and instructed throughout and, not less important, easing the way for the unselfish donors who braved our myriad inquisitive stares.

The death of Annette Mills posed the problem of whether the youngest viewers should be told.

than viewers know. As a contrast to the thrustful self-expression on which so many television reputations necessarily depend, her personal style was wholly refreshing.

'Press Conference' interviewed Orson Welles and for once did not do itself justice as one of television's top programmes. The panel's cross-fire of questions was not fair to his reflective if incisive intellect. The latest United Nations film in 'The World Is Ours' series had its dull moments, but none that was not worth enduring for the sake of much else that was educative and enheartening. As a film projector, television has sometimes given me a slight sense of unease, as of connivance in a trespass. Any such refinement of feeling was swept away by Heinz Sielmann's film of woodpeckers, introduced to us by Peter Scott last Saturday night, a truly absorbing television half-hour.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

The Voice of Hysteria

THE TENACITY with which beliefs are held, which perhaps you do not hold yourself, provides one of life's many salutary shocks. I well remember the jolt I received when fire-watching in the war. I casually posed the rhetorical question often on our lips in those days. 'When', I asked, 'is this something war going to end?' Whereupon my companion retorted that he at least knew—adding 'It's all in the pyramid'. He declined, however, to name a date and the conversation languished.

More recently I encountered a reasonably sane, indeed almost extravagantly down-to-earth, type who confessed himself 'really worried' about—of all things, flying saucers! That Science Fiction, so called, should bore thousands of us to screaming point surely does not matter. But that it should actually make people miserable seems unfortunate.

To sit in H. G. Wells' Time Machine or to let the mind roam out into the silent infinities of space should be a reward and a consolation. When and how has the new note of hysteria crept in? With Fritz Lang's 'Metropolis'? For hysteria it is. The ludicrous creatures in the play on Sunday night, muddling along in a gigantic chest of drawers towering over a city of the future, comported themselves in a manner beside which the denizens of early nineteenth-century Italian opera would have looked profoundly sane and reasonable. This play, 'The Voices' by George F. Kerr, was the only drama worth the name in the whole week and very poor entertainment it made. It was taken from a novel, *Hero's Walk*, and possibly in that form, no doubt an easier vehicle for vacuous fancy about a world crisis in the next century, the characterisation may have seemed less shadowy and null. All the same, I cannot believe there was ever much substance in this childish dream. Dennis Vance, producing, whipped the pace to a point where one not merely did not, but could not, dwell on the feebleness of the dialogue or stop to ponder the 'scientific' mumbo-jumbo,



As seen by the viewer: 'Woodpeckers' on January 15—a woodpecker's long tongue reaching out for food, and (right) the female great black woodpecker at the entrance to her nest



International Labour Organisation building in Geneva, seen in 'The World Is Ours'—5. No Other Way', on January 11

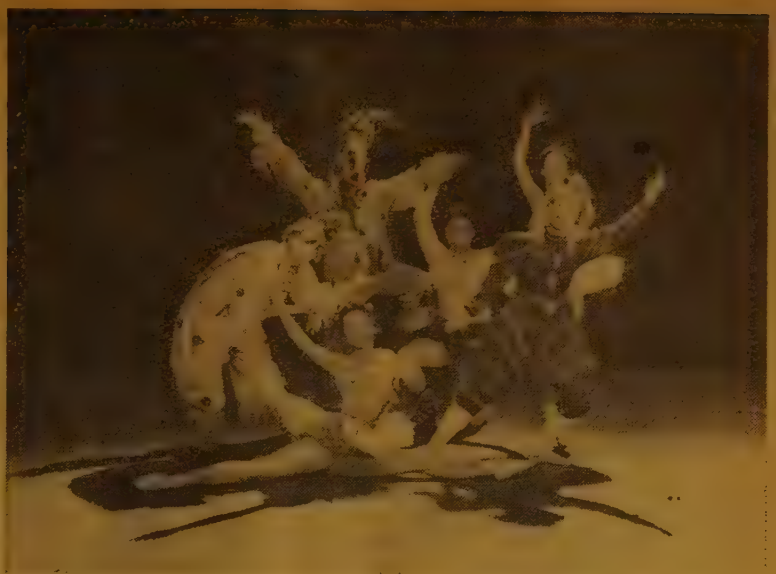
'Life Blood' on January 10: the transfusion apparatus in a programme about a temporary headquarters of a mobile blood-collecting unit

Photographs: John Cura

McDonald Hobley was put on to make the announcement, which he did with a becoming sense of occasion. Probably it let innumerable parents in for the old tormenting attempts to explain the inexplicable. The B.B.C. decision was possibly unnecessary: who will say that it was unwise?

Television for the very young involves empirical judgements which provoke anxious concern among parents and other emotionally interested parties. Is it good for the developing consciousness to approach reality through unreality? A large and serious question to which there may be no finally convincing answer. No doubt the ladies of Children's Television discuss it with much earnestness of opinion. Speaking out of my own observations, I do not believe that it will be a matter for infinite regret if Muffin the Mule is allowed to fade gently into oblivion.

Mary Adams' tribute to Annette Mills was a model of calm competence in front of the cameras, for her an unaccustomed place, she being a backroom personality of television whose influence on the programmes is more significant



Left to right: Beryl Reid, Jeremy Hawk, and Benny Hill in 'The Benny Hill Show' on January 15

'Music for You' on January 10: members of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in Smetana's 'The Bartered Bride'

yet in an hour and a half the piece induced a feeling of real contempt. If the war of the worlds is really to be like this, we shall have died of yawning before the first death rays sting us.

The muddle and confusion of life in the unfortunately named 'InterCos' building in the year 2021 provided some wry amusement. Some of it looked like a hang-over from 1984, certainly no more up to date. There were, of course, those absurd television telephones which fill up with shouting, scowling faces like angry cooks bobbing out of service hatches. Then the ludicrous complications of the 'recall' system, so unconvincing; even the ordering of a brandy seemed to have grown as chancy as getting a taxi by telephone. (We were not shown the size of the 'nip', no doubt even smaller than it is today.) Fashion had not gone ahead much. The well-dressed men, as in 1984, wore double-breasted jackets without collars. Dr. Werner, the sly and ambitious president of this musical comedy NATO outfit, had a German Jewish accent (symbol of villainy, apparently) and wore a sort of knitted posy at his throat, like that home-made *boutonniere* which Miss Joyce Grenfell used to tell us how to manufacture in 'Useful and acceptable gifts'. Hair styles had remained unchanged. The wicked woman and the good girl (played with science-fiction sincerity by Ursula Danera and Ursula Howells) wore their hair longish, on the shoulders, Home Perm style. Some of the gentlemen still sported moustaches. Beards seemed to be 'out'. But a fashion of taking anti-sleep pills in moments of crisis seemed to be well established. No wonder—with crises like these.

Could we, should we, have felt something for these agitated humans of the future if the threat to their existence had been more imaginatively planned? I doubt it. But certainly the voices of the title, the menacing sounds from outer space which were supposed to tell of dire events, such as long-range bombardment of the world, sounded merely flatulent, at worst like a long-playing gramophone record carelessly put on at the wrong speed. As for the hysterical announcement that this, that, or the other city had been

bombed and that fresh salvos were expected, it quite lacked the chill quality of bad news calmly spoken. This was not adult drama at all—rather, children playing at frightening themselves. As nanny used to say, 'It'll end in tears'. It is a long time since I saw so feeble a piece on a Sunday night.

During the rest of the week there have been some passable light music and Variety entertainments. 'Music for You' showed us close-ups of Mme. Magda Laszlo singing Puccini, and the circus ballet from Smetana's 'Bartered Bride', both of which were agreeable. Thursday disclosed some of that wonderfully expert ballroom dancing by sleekly coiffured gents and light-footed ladies which, next to swimming races and table tennis, make some of the most reliable television material. Friday brought us 'Garrison Theatre' from Greenwich, a rather more starchy and senior service occasion than is usual. But pleasant. The Benny Hill show made a fairly promising start on Saturday. This plump comedian leered and ogled amusingly and there was reasonable support from such people as Beryl Reid, doing her Watergate Revue sketch about the hearty weather forecaster, the gracious

Alma Cogan who sang 'He's funny that way' while the comedian in chief pulled faces, and Jeremy Hawk who put a spoke in the wheel now and again. There was also a moderately comic burlesque of a ballet.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Sound and Echo

'WELL, THIS IS the forest of Arden'. And so it is; but Arden at earliest daybreak, the palpable and familiar clothed in the golden exhalations of the dawn (another phrase that, later in the week, would touch the ear unexpectedly). We must prefer Arden when the sun is high; still, it was amiable last week to wander about in Thomas Lodge's forest of the golden legend, that forest of 'Rosalynde' (Third), the novel upon which Shakespeare based 'As You Like It'. Discouraging enough in a full text, the tale can beguile when trimmed into a play of seventy-five minutes, thickets thinned, under-brush cut away. As we listen, we seem to watch Shakespeare as he expands, discards, transforms, turns 'thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moon' into 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon'. This 'Rosalynde' is Another Part of the Forest, an euphuistic Early Decorated forest in which Orlando becomes, confusingly, Rosader, and Lodge—who, on radio, had Norman Shelley's voice to ease him along—takes his time over the pastoral, loitering through maze upon maze.

Sasha Moorsom's necessarily sharp compression, a squeezed or Shorter Lodge, must have sent many back to the text of 'As You Like It', Arden at noon. Certainly, when it was over, I wanted to make sure that Jaques was under the greenwood tree, though—one must have these blind spots—I also found myself congratulating Lodge's shade on his failure to invent Touchstone and the story of Jane Smile. Alas, my set flickered fatally just when the tale of 'Rosalynde' was about to be tied up. I had heard enough to know



'The Voices' on January 16, with (left to right) Bettina Dickson as Water-son, Terence Alexander as Neil Harrison (standing), Willoughby Goddard as Professor Mark Harrison, Fred Johnson as Sir Alton Berkeley, Carl Bernard as Vernon-Cavendish, Ronan O'Casey as McAllister, Launce Maraschal as Crandall, and Vincent Ball as Locke

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now buoyantly the cast, under Peter Duval Smith, had brought up the book for a listener unconcerned with Lodge's commas or full-stops. Claire Bloom—inclined to recite now and then—was a blithe Rosalynde, Daphne Anderson an exact Alinda (Celia), and Peter Wyngarde the Rosader. I was sorry to miss the fate of Torismond (Duke Frederick), whom Shakespeare delivers to an old religious man—the least likely hermit on record—but whom Lodge, I believe, killed in battle.

On Sunday we had more Shakespearean echoes (here of Macbeth, there of Coriolanus or Bolingbroke), when 'The Death of Wallenstein', in Coleridge's translation (Third), thundered and volleyed through the thawing afternoon. It began, more or less, with a trumpet-call and ended with a drum-roll, and the cast let drive. We had hoped it would: it is the best kind of crying to wake 'the sleepers of the house', as we heard towards the end in an echo of Lady Macbeth. At times we could not be sure which of the lesser characters was speaking; but it mattered little. Schiller's main theme was splendidly proclaimed by Stephen Murray as that proud and superstitious man of destiny, the generalissimo of the Thirty Years' War; Catherine Lacey as the urging Countess; and Joseph Tomelty—strange to meet his voice in iambs—as the Irish dragoon, Butler. Miss Lacey, in the fiercest scene, swept through the speeches for the Countess: 'Thou art lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly of the power which thou possessest. Friedland! Duke!' The lines hint at fustian, and indeed there is too much 'Thou'-ing for comfort. For all that, in performance we welcomed the full surge as Wallenstein's tragedy moved to its inevitable close. There were fine spirits that champed the curb angrily; noble rage flashed from the eye; we caught a deafening noise of war-like instruments. Produced by Donald McWhinnie and Michael Bakewell, it proved to be classic drama as we like to hear it on radio. Even if we might agree with a peevish critic who said once that the trilogy, taken in full, could seem as long as the Thirty Years' War itself, the last play can genuinely excite, set the wild echoes flying.

Now echoes of a murder trial that has been an enigma since 1840—the French trial of 'Marie Lafarge' (Home). Did she, or did she not, administer arsenic to her husband? Opinion is still cleft. The drama, by Antonia Ridge and Edith Saunders, is carefully fair; but—maybe because of Olive Gregg's earnestness—I set myself on Marie's side. I wished we had come more speedily to the point. Agreed, there is a lot to explain. This conceded, it took too long for the authors to establish us, and for the plot to spin along towards its 'verdict of the century'. Ayton Whitaker produced clearly, though I did feel a little staggered by one burst of birdsong.

We get a good many intentional echoes in 'Prisoner's Progress' (Home). Louis MacNeice's parable-play is one in which, beaded bubbles winking at the brow, we must dig for the full meaning. For once toil is rewarded. The tale of a prisoner-of-war camp, with its strata of significances and its echoing quotations, is constructed with a craft that the acting (and especially that of Anthony Jacobs) rightly emphasised.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Eavesdropping

QUITE A NUMBER of the broadcasts I listen to in the course of the year are not intended to be broadcast. I don't mean by this that B.B.C. agents are in the habit of concealing themselves and their microphones under the groaning boards at Guildhall or Burlington House to pick up the

pearls that fall from ministerial, mayoral, or presidential lips, nor that they kneel at closed doors cautiously pressing microphones to keyholes. I mean only that speeches, discussions, and lectures neither written nor spoken for broadcasting are by permission broadcast alive or in recordings.

One of such events supplied a programme called 'Patterns in History' to the Third Programme last week. The event was a meeting of the Oxford Political Study Circle held at Magdalen College, eight days after the publication of the last four volumes of Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History*, to discuss the subject of 'History and Meta-history', and the broadcast consisted of three papers read on this occasion by D. McCallum, Z. A. Pelczynski and, thirdly, Arnold Toynbee himself. The programme lasted an hour and, for the uninvited and therefore unconsidered listener, it partook of the qualities of the curate's egg. Mr. McCallum's contribution, for instance, which—one gathered from the occasional murmurs of assent and gusts of laughter—was much appreciated by those present, was, as it reached me, much less fun for those absent, and for the very reason, I suspect, of its success on the spot. The microphone, one felt, had to pick up what it could get. Mr. McCallum was concerned with his company, not with it; the poor thing was left out in the cold and so was I. It is possible, of course, that most of my trouble was due to reception, which has a way of starting indifferent well and improving as the evening wears on, and in fact the next contribution, Mr. Pelczynski's, came through more clearly. But it was not until Professor Toynbee had got going and warmed to his theme that I too warmed up and became engrossed in his profound and brilliant discussion of those cycles in human affairs of which historians and sociologists are becoming increasingly conscious.

Graham Hough's series, 'The Novel and the Reader', is concerned with a simpler and shorter historical theme, namely the novel during the past hundred years, or rather 'some of the changes through which the novel has gone' during that period. The first talk, 'Entertainment', concentrated on the Victorians and especially on Trollope, with a brief, forward-looking glance at Priestley and Maugham. Last week's, 'Entertainment and More', took us, through Hardy's *Tess* which boldly challenged current opinion, to D. H. Lawrence who, as Mr. Hough pointed out, worked out the problems of his own situation in *Sons and Lovers* and *Women in Love*. The course is evidently intended for the less critical novel-reader, the devourer rather than the epicure, and, to judge by these two talks, it is well devised to turn the first into something more like the second. During the first instalment I heard myself muttering—unwarrantably, I think—words such as over-simplification, but I listened respectfully to last week's and it left me with a sharpened appetite for high living and plain thinking.

The title 'Gold in the Street' savours of 'The Arabian Nights' or at least of Dick Whittington, and actually it described a London not unlike the one of which Dick dreamed, namely the London of Hatton Garden. It was written and produced by Robert Pocock: Oliver Burt and Frank Duncan were the narrators. In Hatton Garden gems of all kinds—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, moonstones, aquamarines, and a hundred more—are cut and polished; the authenticity of precious stones and pearls is tested by the latest scientific methods; gold is refined or alloyed down to the required carat or cast into bars for exchange on the international market; platinum too is cast into bars and sold for £30 an ounce, and elsewhere you may see rows of silver billets each weighing a hundredweight. We had inside information from

two sisters whose business is the grading, matching, and stringing of pearls, and heard a father and son earnestly discussing the best forms in which to cut a rough diamond with a flaw, and a diamond-broker and his prospective client bargaining over a packet of diamonds. In short, a highly coloured programme very stimulating to the romantic imagination.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Two Symphonies

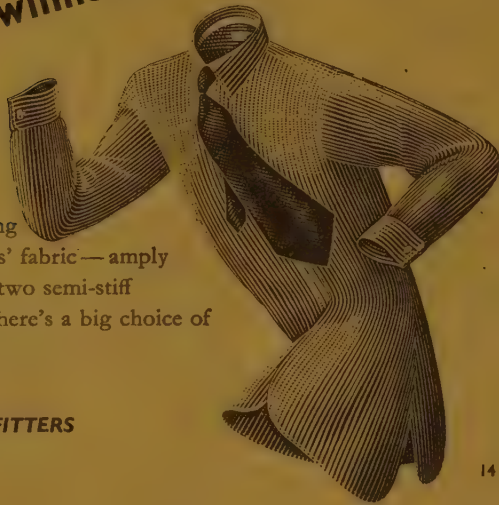
EDMUND RUBBRA'S SIXTH SYMPHONY received its second airing after an interval of eight weeks—rather too long for one to pick up the minor points which had occurred to one during the first performance. Still, this is not a difficult or problematical work, like Dr. Rankl's which received two performances later in the week. Rubbra's symphony has a directness of manner and, in its finest pages, a nobility of utterance that make their impact immediately and carry conviction. The core of it is in the slow movement, a rapt meditation, religious in feeling—if I may use the adjective in its purest sense, without particular implications. We are prepared for this profound, yet easily grasped, movement by the beautiful slow introduction to the opening *Allegro*, which establishes the mood of contemplative lyricism as the symphony's characteristic note. This is not contradicted by the fresh and human joyousness of the first movement, in the development of which I seem to detect a patch of the composer's former addiction to thick orchestral texture, nor by the earthy jollity of the Scherzo.

Karl Rankl's Fourth Symphony had been played in Vienna and a month ago by the Scottish National Orchestra in Edinburgh and Glasgow; under its composer's direction. A follower of Schönberg, Dr. Rankl seems to stop short of idolatry, at any rate in this new symphony where he uses the twelve-note system without pedantic adherence to the strict rules. Even so this is difficult music to apprehend; at least, after two hearings it was difficult to see how it all hangs together as a composition. The first movement, with its multiplicity of jagged themes tossed about from instrument to instrument in the score—one marvelled at what seemed to be very accurate passing of the ball between the players of the B.B.C. Orchestra—is the crux. How does this abstruse and highly-wrought piece fit in with the comparatively simple set of variations, including an almost academic fugue, on a German folk-song? For, like Berg in his Violin Concerto, Rankl contrives to work in a melody written in the old harmonic idiom, but I am not sure that he has really succeeded, as Berg so beautifully did, in reconciling it to its twentieth-century environment. The final rondo, in which the capriciousness of the opening movement could have its appropriate place, and be kept in more evident order by the dictates of the form, posed fewer questions.

If I listened to the two performances of this symphony out of intellectual interest, I attended to the two of Handel's 'Apollo e Dafne' for sheer pleasure in a delightful work. This was the first of a series, edited and introduced in an illuminating talk by Professor Anthony Lewis, of performances of Handel's cantatas, and showed us the composer as a youthful visitor to Rome practising the Italian style. We catch a glimpse of the familiar Handel in Apollo's second air ('*Spezza l'arco e getta l'armi*'), which foreshadows 'O ruddier than the cherry', as well as a backward glance at the Venetian opera of the previous century in 'Come Rosa', which is in the style of Cesti. But, historical considerations apart, this is a work worth hear-



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ing for its own sake. It was excellently sung by Arda Mandikian and Thomas Hemsley with an orchestra conducted by Geraint Jones, who showed himself no less skilled in directing others in the performance of baroque music than he is in the performance of it on the organ. Lightness of step did not preclude emotional expressiveness within the bounds dictated by the period. For those who missed the broadcast or who wish to renew acquaintance with this enchanting work I may mention that it is included in the recordings of the 'Editions de l'Oiseau-Lyre',

an enterprising bird with a magpie's flair for picking up valuable things.

Historical considerations are, I am afraid, the main incentive to spending an evening on 'William Tell'. For though during that magnificent overture and for part of the first act one exclaims, 'Well really, after all, this is first-rate stuff!' assurance gradually ebbs, and Rossini's masterpiece relapses into its old place as an Important Historical Landmark. Highlights (e.g., Matilda's air which is one of the few things, beside the overture, familiar to us) apart, the

opera fails to sustain our interest in these worthy Swiss burghers and their fight against oppression. The slightly ridiculous character of the dramatic climax when, after calling upon his son many times by his intrinsically ludicrous name, Tell sends his arrow into the apple, is not the cause of our disappointment, though it may heighten it. The recorded performance was excellent, with first-rate orchestral playing under Sanzogno's direction, a noble Tell (Silveri), a ringing tenor (Mario Filippeschi) and a stylish Matilda (Anna Maria Rovere).

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Michael Tippett's Opera

By COLIN MASON

The first performance of 'The Midsummer Marriage' will be broadcast on Thursday, January 27, at 7.0 p.m. (Third)

AS the moral of "The Midsummer Marriage" is enlightenment, then the music must be lucid. This observation occurs in one of the series of articles on his opera that Tippett wrote for *The Observer* after he had completed it in 1952. The particular necessity for the music to be lucid is what he acknowledges as 'the strangeness of the story'. Tippett considers this strangeness inevitable in a work such as he has tried to create. A true work of art must, he knows, be what it means, never say what it means, and he might say of his opera, as Eliot, by whom he has been strongly influenced, has said of 'The Confidential Clerk', that, as far as he is concerned, it means what it says, and if he had meant anything else he would have said so—just as obscurely. This is probably why he made little attempt to explain its obscurities in his articles in *The Observer*, which dealt chiefly with its origin and background, and were themselves, when they first appeared, found very bewildering. It has needed the publication of the vocal score to make them clear: the libretto clarifies them, not they it.

What only the performance of the opera can reveal is whether the libretto in turn is further clarified by the music, in which the creative idea is fulfilled. The music is certainly 'lucid'. Tippett's native lucidity is of the same kind as James', which delights in complexity, in showing order in what may at first seem, to those of more limited vision, an impenetrable confusion. This is the lucidity of his libretto, as well as of much of his instrumental music. But it is not what he was seeking in the music of the opera. 'Lyrical simplicity' was what he sought, and this, he found, was 'the hardest thing of all'.

His search was not unsuccessful. The extreme profusion of notes that has become one of the most characteristic features of his recent music is, it is true, unabated. Much of the vocal writing is florid, and the instrumental writing is even more abundantly figured, with whirling patterns of notes that, in combination with the very independent rhythmic progression of the simultaneous melodic lines, give the music an appearance of complexity. But this complexity is more decorative than fundamental, and beneath the bubbling surface of exuberant melodic invention the basic musical organisation is clear and direct. The harmony is clearly and simply, if fluidly, diatonic, and even mainly triadic—the only other important harmonic element being the now familiar chord of two (or occasionally more) superimposed perfect fourths, which occurs, in both vertical and horizontal forms, so frequently throughout the opera that it might be thought to have some extra-musical connotation, if it were not that it appears in

too many different contexts, with no obvious connection, to permit of any convincing identification, and that the opera contains no other suggestion of a true leitmotif. Such thematic connections as occur are generally a single recurrence, and never more than two. With two obscure exceptions they are all literarily obvious, and some of them simply create an elementary formal balance.

This avoidance of an elaborate system of thematic allusions is part of Tippett's search for simplicity, and closely affects the form of the opera, which has none of the symphonic character of, say, Britten's operas, with their intensive thematic development and highly organised form. Tippett's method of structure, on both the small scale and the large, is looser, freer and less formal. His thematic development is a process of continuous but almost imperceptible change, in which the music is gradually carried forward through a succession of similar, sometimes identical, phrase-shapes, repeated almost sequentially. The commonest form of this is the immediate repetition of a phrase or section a whole tone higher, a device applied to units of various sizes. In Jennifer's aria in Act 1, in which she describes her experiences of heaven, the immediately repeated verbal phrase 'on leaving the body' is given the second time a tone higher, with an almost identical musical shape; and on a larger scale the complete period within which this phrase falls, beginning 'I saw how my soul flower'd in delight', is similarly repeated, the repetition at first seeking its new pitch, now above, now below, before finally finding it, again a tone higher, at 'ran to dance'. Similarly in Bella's aria in Act 2, 'They say a woman's glory is her hair', the second verse, with some slight deviations, repeats the first, a tone higher.

The technique is not new in Tippett's music. An earlier, slightly different, and more primitive application of it is found in the scherzo of the String Quartet No. 2, where the structure gives the effect of a curious movement in circles. This is a description that Tippett has himself applied to the ritual dances in the opera, and it is not inapplicable to his sequential method in general. But the circles are never quite concentric, their radius expands and contracts constantly, the transition from one to the next is imperceptible, and the effect is not of sequence or repetition but of genuine thematic growth and movement. Tippett has, in fact, created for himself with this technique a real and entirely new method of musical structure. As far as it resembles any other this method is nearest, despite the absence of the leitmotif, to Wagner's, and gives the music, like his, a different, more uniform consistency of style than, for instance, Verdi's or Britten's, where consistency is created out of the perfect fusion of more disparate elements.

The consistency of 'The Midsummer Marriage' is, above all, its gaiety. The composer has himself stated that 'the music is very positive and gay', and 'gay' is the last word of the libretto, sung by the chorus to a musical phrase of unmistakably that character. He has also pointed out that in sharp contrast to his oratorio 'A Child of Our Time', the opera is nearly all in major keys. In all this brightness, as his stress on it suggests, lies as important a part of the opera's meaning as anything in the libretto. It is a quest story; some of its imagery is of the contrast of the dark and the light; and Tippett has described how in creating it he felt that he was 'the instrument of some collective imaginative experience'. What that quest is, and what collective experience it is part of, he seems to reveal in some notes that he wrote for a broadcast talk: 'If I have in any way managed in my opera to make a convincing artistic utterance that is affirmative, then I shall regard that as a fulfilment of my own quest. To have moved, shall we say, from the dark world of "A Child of Our Time" to a world of light. It is probable that the driving force that made me do this opera is part of a collective desire to issue from negative attitudes into affirmation'.

Whether the opera is 'a convincing artistic utterance' can be fully tested only in the performance—on the stage. For Tippett has conceived it very much as a spectacle, and the verbal and musical imagery is supplemented by many directions for elaborate stage effects. Probably the most exciting of them all will be the ballet of ritual dances in Act 2. Even without the stage spectacle they are, as concert performances have shown, wonderfully thrilling, stimulating in the listener's imagination, partly by means of some remarkable 'pictorial' musical effects, but mostly by power of sheer musical excitement, a vivid picture of the chase. If the rest of the music proves equally vivid, Tippett will have succeeded in illuminating his libretto and achieving lucidity, giving his work 'the appearance of that indissoluble unity of drama and music that is opera', not by explaining it, but, as he wanted to, by that sheer oracular power of music that is the magic of opera.

A discussion on 'Composing Opera' between Arthur Benjamin, Lennox Berkeley, and John Gardner, with Peter Racine Fricker in the chair, is to form part of the new course of Tuesday evening public lectures beginning at Morley College on February 1. 'Opera in Britain Today' has been chosen as the subject for the series, which will open with an introductory survey by Eric Walter White, and close with a talk by Desmond Shawe-Taylor on some recent operas. Full particulars of the course can be obtained from the Secretary, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.



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For the Housewife

Cake Making for Beginners

By ANN HARDY

ALL rules of cooking are based on laws of science that never change. In cake making the rules are based on the fact that gases expand when they are heated. When things expand they become lighter, and so in cake making we introduce gas into our cake mixture in such a manner that, when it comes in contact with the heat, it will expand and the cake will rise. There are three ways in which we can do this. First by the introduction of air, which is a mixture of gases: this means a good deal of beating, as in some of the sponge mixtures. Second, by the fermentation of yeast, as in buns and doughnuts. Third, by adding a raising agent such as baking powder, which contains an acid and an alkali: when they come in contact with liquid they give off gas which is what we want to make the cake rise. When making scones, for the same reason we usually add cream of tartar—a derivative of tartaric acid, and bicarbonate of soda which is the alkali.

But this is only part of the process. There are hundreds of variations of basic cake recipes but they can all be classified under the four different methods of cake making. The main difference between the methods is the way in which the fat is incorporated. The first, with which I am going to deal here—the simplest method—is the one in which you rub the fat into the flour. Most of our scones, buns, biscuits, and plain cakes are made in this way.

Your first consideration is your oven. It must be clean. Then the heat is most important. Small

cakes need a hot oven, large plain cakes a moderate oven, and rich cakes require a very moderate oven.

Many a good cake has been ruined by careless preparation of the tin. For big plain cakes there is no necessity to line the tin: all that is needed is to grease it very thoroughly and perhaps put a piece of greased paper in the bottom. But do not grease the tin by just rubbing it round with a piece of greased paper. In this way you are likely to miss a patch. Keep a small cup for the purpose—an enamel or aluminium one is most useful—and in it melt a little margarine. This is an economy, too, for all the scrapings of the margarine papers can be used up. With a pastry brush, kept for the purpose, brush your tins over, getting into every corner.

Plain household flour is excellent for plain cakes. The fat can be margarine, lard, vegetable fat, butter or dripping. If you use dripping it should be clarified first. Butter is incomparable in flavour, but it is an expensive item. Lard and vegetable fat of good quality are good but of poor flavour. Margarine makes delicious cakes, but better still is a mixture of margarine and butter. It always pays to use good ingredients. One good egg is worth two inferior ones. Eggs not only give flavour and enrich the cake but they are essential for the setting of rich mixtures; the richer the mixture, the greater the number of eggs required.

To clean raisins, currants, and sultanas put them in a colander, wash them well under the

tap, let them drain a little, then rub them in a clean cloth and dry them off on a tin, but not in a hot place or they will get hard.

Sieve the flour, salt, and raising agent, rub in the fat with the finger-tips until the mixture is as fine as breadcrumbs, add the sugar and fruit, and mix thoroughly, using a wooden spoon or spatula; pour the whisked eggs and milk into the centre and mix quickly and thoroughly; put the mixture into the tins, making a depression in the centre to produce a level finish; put it quickly into the oven and do not open the door again for ten to fifteen minutes. Be most careful not to bang the door, for in doing so you will create a draught, which will make your cake sink.

The best position for most cakes is in the centre of the oven. If, after a quarter of an hour, you think it is cooking too quickly, reduce the heat slightly and put a piece of greaseproof paper across the top.

—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT (page 97): a banker with business interests in the Middle East

DONAT O'DONNELL (page 105): author of *Maria Cross*, etc.

MICHAEL GOUGH (page 106): Lecturer in Classical Archaeology, Edinburgh University

COLIN MASON (page 129): music critic of the *Manchester Guardian*

Crossword No. 1,290. Literary Relations. By Scorpio

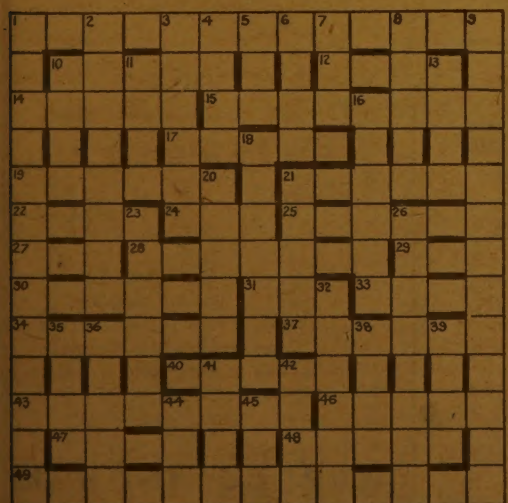
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Closing date: First post on Thursday, January 27

In clues marked A the light is an anagram of the answer to the clue.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Candida was one of them (2 words) (13)
10. 1/16 was obeyed by 'three realms' (5)
12. 'This strange disease of modern life With its ——— hurry' (4)
14. Could 'make morteux and wel bake a pye' (5)
15. Had an 'Uncle Toby' (8)
17. 'Rude forefathers' slept in homonym of synonym of these (5)
19. A son is a legendary poet (6)



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- 21A. '—— will wink on opportunity' (6)
- 22A. 'Pipe to the spirit ditties of no ——' (4)
24. 'The —— and Lemures moan with midnight plaint' (3)
- 25A. Trochee (6)
- 27A. Homonym of pseudonym of Sir Arthur (3)
28. 'Like Nature's ——, sleepless eremite' (7)
29. One of Kipling's footballers was 'muddled' (3)
30. 10 down curtailed in a girl of no 35 (6)
31. '—— grey-haired ——urn' (3)
33. 'She moved like Proserpine in ——' (4)
- 34A. Malvolio was called a 'barren' one (6)
- 37A. '—— sweet the water with such specks of earth?' (6)
40. 'But oh! that deep romantic ——' (5)
43. '—— arose from her couch of snows In the Acroceraunian mountains' (8)
46. 'Guards on wanton Cupid's hose'; alternative spelling's anagram translated into French (5)
47. 'Myrtles brown with ivy never ——' (4)
- 48A. 'From her wilds —— sent The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong' (5)
49. Written with a mixture of 13, 22, 45, so Miltonic (13)

DOWN

1. Told by one 'That straight was comen fro the court of Rome' (2 words) (13)
2. 'Like ——, young Was call'd to Empire and had govern'd long' (8)
- 3A. 'It is the —— kills, and not the bite' (6)
4. Diminutive of one whose alternative was a 'Plowman' (4)
5. His children were turned into swans (3)
6. 'The pilot star of my lone life' (4)
7. Hamlet, Enobarbus and Caliban all confessed to be one (3)
- 8A. Gold coin from father of one whose 'strange Lydian love' was a tree (5)
9. Said, 'I have liv'd to see two honest men' (3 words) (13)
10. Said, 'Dark night strangles the travelling lamp' (4)
11. About half of a lesser known play of Shakespeare (4)
- 13A. 'Lol the level ——, And the long glories of the winter moon' (4)
- 16A. Margery Daw followed a synonym (6)
18. Female character in well-known play turned up as siren (7)
20. Pertaining to anagram of Scottish form of plural of 22 anagram (5)
21. 'Rightly to be —— Is not to stir without —— argument' (5)
23. Descriptive of one whose namesake was 'like the Hyrcanian beast' (6)

26. 'I am —— as the northern star' (7)
32. O'Shanter and Eugene meet foot to foot in a mixture of cinnamon, cloves, etc. (6)
- 35A. Said, 'The bright day is done; And we are for the dark' (4)
36. 'Thy —— begins to redden thro' the gloom' (5)
- 38A. 'After thousand —— told For aye unsought for slept' (4)
39. Homonym of singular 35 written of by Mrs. Nicholls (4)
41. Poet and dramatist who lived from 1802-1885 (4)
- 42A. 'What —— us gazing where all seen is hollow?' (4)
44. Centre of city from which 'They brought the good news' (3)
45. Found in one who did 'like a little shrew Slander her love' just like this (3)

Solution of No. 1,288

J	A	M	B	R	E	S	U	T	O	P	I	A
O	B	I	A	S	S	O	T	E	G	R	E	T
H	S	F	L	E	S	H	H	A	M	I	S	H
N	A	O	M	I	E	V	E	R	L	A	T	E
S	L	E	I	P	N	I	R	T	I	M	O	N
O	O	M	A	C	E	V	O	E	O	L	P	E
N	M	A	R	Y	S	I	L	A	N	D	A	U
V	G	R	A	N	D	E	E	D	J	I	N	N
I	E	A	C	I	A	N	O	J	O	A	T	I
R	O	G	Q	C	A	A	B	A	B	L	O	C
G	R	O	U	T	R	L	O	C	A	R	N	O
I	G	N	E	O	U	S	R	O	N	O	I	R
N	E	W	T	O	N	R	U	B	I	C	O	N

NOTES

The hidden words are:
Across: 1. James. 6. More. 11. Bowls. 13. Tippler. 14. Heron. 17. Hamilton. 18. Ruth. 22. Odin. 23. Athens. 24. Paul. 25. King. 29. William. 32. Carriage. 37. Spain. 38. Eblis. 40. Mussolini. 44. Mecca. 50. Treaty. 53. Rouge. 54. Diamond. 55. Caesar.

Down: 1. Rasselas. 2. David. 3. Gilead. 4. Jews. 6. Arthur. 8. Bashan. 9. Hecuba. 10. Owl. 20. Merlin. 21. Androcles. 26. Diogenes. 30. Catharine. 31. Tennis. 32. Summer. 34. Venice. 35. Lion. 36. Vestal. 37. Hanover. 39. Bildad. 41. Esau. 46. Ireland.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss E. M. Whitelegg (Chesham Bois); 2nd prize: M. Wollman (Cambridge); 3rd prize: H. W. Pugh (Leominster)

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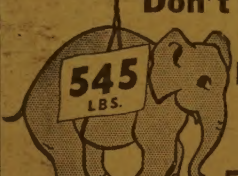
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